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Must We Deal With Makarios?

The difficulty about judging this week's news from Cyprus arises not so much from doubts about the authenticity of the Grivas diaries as from the incompleteness of the extracts so far released. Was Archbishop Makarios, as Mr. Lennox-Boyd says, the responsible director of "the whole tragic business of terrorism"? Or was he, while privy to the inner workings of Eoka, a moderating influence on the more violent men, who since his banishment have seized undisputed leadership and intensified the violence? What has been published so far gives a good deal of support to the view of Makarios as a somewhat reluctant hero; and without now disputing the authenticity of the diaries, we see not the slightest reason for accepting Mr. Lennox-Boyd's interpretation of them until the evidence is complete.

Yet the difference between the two interpretations could be crucial. If Makarios is a criminal terrorist, Mr. Lennox-Boyd may argue that he has more than purely legal right on his side in refusing to treat with such a man. Such an argument must be based, if it is to carry conviction, on the proposition that the majority of the Greek Cypriot population is so fed up with the pressures of living under terrorism that it is anxious for more moderate leadership and would be ready to accept a substitute for Makarios.

Even so, it is still clear that, if more moderate leadership is to have a chance of success, it must still move towards full self-determination, which at present means Enosis. So, on the assumption that Mr. Lennox-Boyd is correct in his personal assessment of the Archbishop, two conditions would have to be fulfilled if the attempt to discredit him in the eyes of more moderate Cypriots were to serve any useful purpose. First, an alternative leader would have to be found who could command the loyalty of Greek Cypriots and break the hold which Colonel Grivas has had on the island since the Archbishop's banishment. Secondly, the British government would have to commit itself unequivocally to the acceptance of self-determination as a principle—regardless of whether or not it must involve Enosis. These conditions are the essential prerequisite of any political settlement which is not based on negotiation with Makarios.

But if they can be fulfilled, why have they not been so already? Their importance has been almost equally great ever since the Archbishop was physically removed from the island. The Cyprus problem could have been solved by now if, in the last six months, Mr. Lennox-Boyd could have unearthed a more moderate leader, or had been prepared to take a more far-sighted political initiative. But the Cypriot alternative to Makarios turned out to be Grivas: the British political initiative was limited to the hangman's rope. Mr. Lennox-Boyd has failed so far to make his case, even on his own assumption.

The evidence so far available suggests that the Archbishop, whatever his morals, remains the effective political leader of the Cypriot independence movement and that any fruitful negotiation which is to take place must be with him. If, as we still believe (and as is not disproved by what is yet known of the Grivas diaries), he is in fact a moderate inside the Eoka leadership, then the advantage of negotiating with him while his moderating influence still stands high, is obvious. But suppose he is not; suppose Mr. Lennox-Boyd is in possession of documents not yet released, which prove that Makarios was the active chief executive of the terrorist campaign, there is all the more reason for bringing him quickly to the conference table. In the end, it is the leader alone who can bargain about terms; and Mr. Lennox-Boyd's failure so far to find a more reasonable alternative leader recalls the lesson we ought to have learnt from Michael Collins 40 years ago: "Makarios the terrorist" may prove an even more effective plenipotentiary than "Makarios the ecclesiastical politician."

Comments on the Week's News

Lennox-Boyd's Other Island

Mr. Mintoff is due to arrive in London next Tuesday for talks at the Colonial Office. Since the political crisis of a fortnight ago, the British Treasury has doled out enough money to stave off Maltese bankruptcy and agreement has been reached between Mr. Mintoff and the British authorities in the dispute over the radio rediffusion system. Nevertheless, if the moment of immediate crisis has passed without serious misadventure, next week's talks are none the less critical. Bad faith, bad temper or bad tactics on either side can still turn Malta into another colonial trouble-spot; and the greater share of the responsibility for avoiding this danger rests with the Colonial Office. We do not think that all Mr. Mintoff's tactics have been very wise, or that his complaint of no action by the Colonial Office in preparing a new constitution is very fair. But there is much ground for his belief that, over the economic problems of Malta, Whitehall has procrastinated, evaded and double-talked. Maybe some of Mr. Mintoff's pet projects are economically unsound; but there is no good reason for so much delay over the appointment of the promised economic commission, or for the Colonial Office's continued obstructive bickering about its composition and terms of reference. There has been a failure in Whitehall to understand just how difficult is Mr. Mintoff's internal problem. To the Maltese voter who has supported the Malta Labour Party, political integration has always been seen merely as the other face of "economic equivalence" with Britain. Mr. Mintoff has come to understand, reluctantly, that economic equivalence is a state of grace which cannot be achieved simply by legislation; but he and his followers are determined that it shall be achieved. If Whitehall appears to show bad faith on this, it will lose the opportunity of political integration as the solution of Malta's constitutional problem. The alternative to that would be not Miss Strickland and her friends, who are utterly discredited with a majority of the voters, but an anti-British platform for the Malta Labour Party. Mr. Lennox-Boyd cannot want to open yet another Mediterranean island to the hazards of direct action against British rule.

Go-Slow on the Canal

President Nasser's reply to Mr. Menzies is short and unconditional: he will meet the five-nation committee and listen to its views. While he is certain to make counter-proposals of his own, at least the first obstacle to direct negotiations has been overcome. The meeting, however, will take place under the shadow of the threatened resignation of a large part of the Canal's European pilots and staff. Their original intention to give notice this Saturday has been modified at the request of the Canal Company, which has asked them to remain at their posts until the result of the five-nation committee's talks with Colonel Nasser is known. But there is no doubt that the crisis about the pilots has only been postponed. If they refuse to work, for whatever reason, the traffic through the Canal will dwindle to a trickle. And that may easily lead to a situation that provides a pretext for Anglo-French intervention. Our Paris Correspondent reports that the French delegation returned from London convinced that the plans for military action are still being pressed, and that they will be put into force if negotiations break down or if, for example, the shortage of pilots interferes with "free navigation." This is not the impression given publicly by the Foreign Secretary at the Suez conference, and it may be that the French, for obvious reasons of their own, are exaggerating the determination of Sir Anthony and his colleagues to go it alone, if need be. Yet this danger should not be discounted, especially as large-scale troop and naval movements continue. It is impossible to say whether the discontent among the pilots and European staff is being fostered by discreet offers of good treatment if they remain "loyal" to the Company—though a Swedish pilot has stated that this is the case. But the Egyptian search for pilots in France, Germany and even in the U.S., shows that President Nasser is aware that he may have to work the Canal without its present staff, and at short notice, if he is to carry out his pledge to ensure free and efficient passage.

What We Eat

The annual report of the National Food Survey Committee is a valuable social document which records changes in our pattern of food consumption and also differences in taste and spending between different classes and households of varying size. Unfortunately, it appears about 18 months after the event. The current report, for instance, relates to 1954, the year in which food rationing was finally abolished, and it would be interesting to see how the rise in food prices that occurred in 1955 has affected consumption. This report shows that the initial response to a free market in food was a moderate increase in food purchases—about 4 per cent. in 1948 prices—and that the energy intake rose by about the same amount. Behind these total figures lies a two-way shift in the pattern of purchases. There was a slight rise in the consumption of meat, cheese, eggs, sugar and preserves, but a fall in purchases of cereals and fresh fruit. The sharpest decline was in the consumption of rabbits, myxomatosis having cut both the supply and the demand. The pattern of food purchases in the top class of the sample altered slightly—a change that reflected the movement of upper-working-class households into this group. There were no serious deficiencies in diet, but the survey shows again that the larger the family, the less on average each member will eat, and that large families went against the national trend in this period by shifting from dearer to cheaper foods. The range of family food expenditure is not very great—a fact which makes increases in food prices heavily regressive. The pensioners spent an average of 21s. 9d. per head every week, while those earning £15 a week and over spent 27s. 5d.

The Fast of Mr. Desai

Mr. Morarji Desai, the Chief Minister of Bombay and the strong man of the Congress Party, has been forced to fast for a week merely to secure a hearing from his constituents in Ahmedabad. This incident emphasises the strength of linguistic nationalism in India, and underlines the failure of the government and the Congress leadership to appreciate popular feeling. For six months, they resisted the demand of the Maharashtrians for their own state with Bombay as its capital, and then suddenly appeased them by the decision to form a large bi-lingual state for all Marathi- and Gujrati-speaking areas. This brought peace to the Marathi districts of Bombay but provoked a number of violent demonstrations in Gujrat. The Gujratis, who number 14 millions, objected to fusion with 34 million Maharashtrians: they had, after all, first been promised their own state by the plan to divide Bombay state into three—Gujrat, Maharashtra and Bombay itself, which would be administered by the central government. On August 8, there was a student demonstration in Ahmedabad, in which six people were shot. The protest movement spread, resulting in strikes and clashes with the police. By the time that Mr. Desai—who is himself a Gujrati—came to urge the advantages of a bi-lingual state, fifty people had been killed, the Congress party organisation had split and the repressive measures had united the middle class and the workers, Congress supporters, Socialists and Communists. This defiance was a severe shock to the Congress leaders. Mr. Desai started an "indefinite fast" until he was permitted a hearing. On August 27, he addressed a public meeting in Ahmedabad, but he was stoned and the police again opened fire. The anger of Gujratis seems to be directed as much against the way in which the decision for the bi-lingual state was taken as against the decision itself. For seven months they had been promised their own state, and within five days this promise was broken without consultation. The government and the Congress leaders seem to have blundered in underestimating the democratic and nationalist tradition in Gujrat.

Shadow on Sierra Leone

The new constitutional proposals for Sierra Leone would increase the unofficial membership of the Legislative Council so that the Creole population of the Colony (the area round Freetown) would elect 14 members and the more primitive population of the Protectorate 37. Strong efforts are being made by the National Council of Sierra Leone, which largely represents the Creoles, to prevent the implementation of the proposals which would amount to a much wider diffusion of power over the whole populace. The situation in Sierra Leone is that a small and privileged minority is trying desperately hard to preserve its domination in social, economic and political life. The territory is divided into the small coastal Colony and the much larger Protectorate hinterland. The Creole population of the colony is descended from repatriated slaves; and it is this minority which has until recently dominated the territory. Its political privilege may be measured from the fact that, up till now, it has elected seven members to the Legislative Council, compared with the 14 which are elected from the Protectorate: yet there are 14 times as many people living in the Protectorate as in the Colony. The Creole agitation against the constitutional proposals is likely to be futile, partly because considerable intermarriage has taken place between the two groups and partly because economic influence is no longer the sole prerogative of the Creole community. Perhaps the most important objective in the present situation is to ensure that the Protectorate is no longer dominated by the chiefs, many of whom are corrupt and administratively inefficient. At the same time the new governor, who is now on his way to Sierra Leone, will find himself faced with substantial economic problems arising from widespread illicit diamond mining, shortage of food, and greatly increased prices.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Communists Outlawed

A Correspondent in Germany writes: Last week, when the West German constitutional court outlawed and dissolved the Communist Party, the West German public received the verdict with its characteristic resignation. Responsible West German newspapers, such as *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Die Welt*, have shown a considerable capacity for rationalisation, arguing quite solemnly that the court was compelled to outlaw the Communist Party, in accordance with provisions of the constitution, without regard for any political consideration.

These newspapers admit that the West German federal constitution is provisional. It is dedicated to the reunification of Germany and will cease to be effective when that happens. The lawyers of the Communist Party raised the question whether outlawing the party would not hinder reunification and thus run contrary to the aims of the constitution. The judges settled this question by remarking that the verdict will not apply when free elections are held for the whole of Germany. The verdict is as provisional as the constitution. The Communist Party is not banned for ever and a temporary dissolution would not hinder German reunification.

The defenders of the court's decisions, all of them staunch liberals, express much regret that, alas, freedom in the modern state must be restricted. If the constitution happens to forbid anti-democratic parties, there is nothing one can do about it. Although they deny that the verdict had anything to do with current political issues, they point out that the court had no difficulty in determining the real meaning of the Communist Party's programme. The judges had merely to glance across the Elbe to see what was meant by dictatorship of the proletariat. Moreover, undoing the court's decision is a very simple matter. The East German government has only to agree to all-German free elections and presto! But no one has foretold how long the freedom of the Communist Party will last thereafter.

The only dissent from the verdict has come from the Social Democrats. Their spokesman said that elimination of the Communist Party was a political task to be achieved by an open struggle in the country's political life. To transfer the task to the courts was not the proper method for Germany's political development. This attitude is noteworthy because the Social Democratic Party in East Germany has been swallowed up by the Communists. But the Social Democrats are strangely and ominously alone.

Even those who defend the court's decision cannot help wondering why it was necessary to ban a political party whose present strength is negligible and waning. The Communist Party polled only 2.2 per cent. of the votes cast in the last federal elections in 1953. No one has given it a chance of getting 5 per cent. of total votes cast in the next elections, which it needs to win any seats. Its banning might provide it with an aura of martyrdom and save it from extinction.

Where the blow was really intended to land was shown by the great cry of pain and anger which went up in East Germany. The West German constitutional court may be politically innocent but the Adenauer regime is not, and banning the Communist Party is an important move in the cold civil war between East and West Germany. The political crime of the Communist Party was that it was an ally of the East German regime. The Adenauer clique is looking beyond the 1957 elections to those of 1961. By that time, perhaps the Communist efforts to make East Germany into a show window may have borne some fruit, and raised the prestige of the Communist Party. The Social Democrats, moreover, might by then have lost some of their bitterness towards the Communists and agree to a left-wing coalition to reunite Germany on a Socialist basis. The Adenauer group is trying to forestall this possibility.

Banning the Communist Party is a first step. The West German government has insisted that there will be no witch hunt; individual Communists will not be persecuted. But naturally the Communists must be prevented from operating underground, or under a disguise which may take a thousand forms.

Paris

Bellum ex Machina

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The Suez crisis served for a time to suggest that the French government and its parliamentary majority were united in a common purpose. But since the end of the London conference, it has been obvious that this appearance of unity was an illusion and that, in the face of a situation which is rapidly turning to disaster in North Africa, French politicians are divided as never before. For about a month something like a blackout has been imposed on the French press about operations in Algeria. To be sure there have been daily stories of ambushes and acts of terrorism in the neighbourhood of Algiers, but these reports have not covered ten per cent. of what has actually happened. Moreover, extremely reliable sources in Paris suggest that, during the last four weeks, the Algerian rebels have notched up some striking successes; that they have extended their field of action into neighbourhoods which have so far been peaceful; and that insecurity in the towns has reached an unprecedented level. M. Lacoste's policy of "political pacification" has in fact come to a complete standstill. This much his closest associates are prepared to say openly; and his *chef de cabinet*, M. Frappart, has offered his resignation. Lacoste, who is himself a sick man, has now issued a statement which admits that things are not perfect, but sets out to unload the responsibility on to the previous Minister Resident, Jacques Soustelle. Soustelle has wasted no time in replying to this. So, thanks to the argument between these two "pacifiers" of Algeria, the French public has been able to read the following remarkable statement:

> The rebellion has greatly extended its scope, and terrorism in the towns has grown considerably. Last February not a single rifle shot had been heard in the greater part of Oranie; in the districts of Medea, Miliana, or Orleansville; in the Setif area or in the southern territories. Today the ferment has spread to all these areas, including those where, only a couple of months ago, tourists could stroll about in absolute peace. At the beginning of this year, you could spend Sunday in the forest of Bainem, or anywhere on the outskirts of Algiers: today they are swarming with rebels.

These words come not from a neutralist or a fervent advocate of negotiation, but from Soustelle himself in an article in *Le Figaro* last Monday.

Marshal Juin has now embroiled himself in this argument between Lacoste and Soustelle and has issued a statement from Vichy. (Obviously the Marshals of France have a weakness for this watering place.) He has affirmed the seriousness of the military situation and advocated some sort of federal solution to the problem of Algeria —a remarkable change of view in one whose "solutions" in the past have always been military ones. This change of view is not confined to Juin. Reports reaching Paris from trustworthy sources in Algeria suggest strong military pressure on the Minister-Resident for a political solution and for greater understanding in military circles of the fact that a modern army is impotent before a guerilla force which is backed by the civilian population. The French government understands well enough that its North African policy is bogged down, but it is completely bereft of new ideas: treating with the rebels continues to be regarded as the course of dishonour. There remains one single slender chance of salvation. Suez.

A war against Egypt would allow public opinion to be distracted from Algeria and might eventually create (in the event of a victory) a new set of conditions in North Africa. That is why official circles in Paris continue to hope for a trial of strength with Nasser. Ministers seem convinced—and they hint that they received informal assurances in London—that Britain is equally determined to use force just as soon as a valid excuse can be found. Anglo-French military preparations go ahead as if invasion was imminent. The two governments are in the closest contact; and the official belief in France is that, despite the attitude of the Labour Party and the London press, Sir Anthony Eden is prepared to take on a war against Egypt. It only requires the holding up of a French or British ship in the Canal, or even a tactless attitude on Nasser's part towards the Committee of Five, to provide what Paris would regard as a *casus belli*. I ought to add that, in contrast with Britain, French public opinion has shown relatively little reaction against military preparations for an Egyptian expedition. It is to be hoped that, as so often in French history, it does not wake up to what is happening only when it is too late to do anything about it.

Rome

Socialist Unity

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The most spectacular event in Italian politics has been the meeting of Nenni and Saragat in Savoy, where Nenni is on holiday. "Socialist reunification" has been on the agenda in Italy ever since the 20th Congress and Nenni's non-conformist reactions to the debunking of Stalin, with his subsequent assertions that the Italian Socialist Party would henceforth be more autonomous. At present, Nenni's party is bound to the Communist Party by an action pact—a pact which exists on paper but has not functioned for some time.

The Social-Democratic leader, Saragat, has obtained important concessions from Nenni: a formula for adherence to the "western type of Socialism," and a guarantee that a unified Socialist Party will not join any government with the Communists. This is really Saragat's extension of

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Nenni's previous statement (in the interview published in this journal on July 28) that he "did not consider any alliance he made with the Christian Democrats as automatically extended to the Communists."

The results of the Nenni-Saragat talks, in spite of the somewhat partisan version given by the Social-Democrats, mean that a united Italian Socialist Party is finally in sight. (Saragat broke away from Nenni to form an independent party in 1947.) Nenni also seems well on the way to receiving the blessing of the Socialist International. With this in view, the secretary of the French Socialists, Pierre Commin, will be in Rome for talks at the beginning of September. He will afterwards report to Morgan Phillips and to the executive meeting of the Socialist International in London on September 20. It is reported here, in fact, that Morgan Phillips is ready to fly out to help the negotiations if he is needed, and if the invitation comes from Saragat.

Nenni's moves are being watched anxiously by the Communists. The Spanish war veteran and deputy-secretary of the PCI, Luigi Longo, has delivered a violent attack on Saragat (in spite of the 20th Congress) and warned that "such decisions—i.e. the alignment of Nenni with western Socialism—could not be decided by two men in the solitude of the Savoy mountains." The future unified Socialist party would have something to say about it. The Communists have a lot of faith in the rank-and-file of Nenni's party. It would be erroneous, indeed, to suppose that Nenni is negotiating with Saragat to form a united Socialist Party which will be anti-Communist. Santi, Nenni's trade union leader, sees the "reunification as a step towards the unity of the working class in Italy."

Slowly, then, the vision of Nenni as the Kremlin's Trojan horse is fading. But the Trojan horse theory is still put forward by the Right, for instance by the neo-Fascist leader De Marsanich: "I refuse to believe that Socialism can ever move towards democracy. It is democracy that is moving towards Socialism. If the Italian Communist Party is willing to shelve its action pact with Nenni for a while, it is only because Communism is in a phase of pacific co-existence."

The Sentimentalists

President Nasser's arbitrary action in taking over the Suez Canal Company at once revealed the persistence of a strangely sentimental faction inside common-sense Britain. There are not enough of these sentimentalists to make up a party—there are many sensible Tories—but they do amount to a clique, and they are dangerous because they have allies in the press and are in a position to breathe heavily down Sir Anthony Eden's neck. They have the support of the editor of *The Times*, Mr. Randolph Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook. Their lack of realism over Suez was promptly exposed, not only by Labour back benchers, but by such authorities on the Middle East as Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and Sir Ralph Stevenson. There may be sentimental pacifists who talk as if force can be left out of political calculation; if so, they are no more sentimental than those who live in a dream Britain which can call badly-behaved nations to heel by mobilising the fleet and substituting a British favourite for a nationalist dictator.

When blood rushes to the head, thought becomes incoherent. No doubt that explains the early *Times* leaders on the Suez dispute. They have since landed it in humiliating equivocations. In its leading article of August 1, it said that "quibbling" about the legalities of Nasser's action would "delight the finnicky and comfort the faint-hearted" and it headed its leader of August 3 "Resisting the Aggressor". Now the word "aggression" has an accepted meaning in international affairs. It is a legal phrase usually reserved for the brink of war as a final justification for discarding moral restraints and using whatever weapons of destruction may be handy or suitable. Many people asked of what act of aggression Nasser was guilty; the only answer *The Times* could produce was the punning retort that he has behaved aggressively. Instead of apologising for this discreditable lapse, *The Times* now explains that its object is to rally the nation against "masochists" and other detractors of Britain, lest, like the pleasure-loving Venetians, we fade out of history. It even suggests that the facts and arguments advanced in the *Manchester Guardian* and in this and other journals against the proposal that Britain and France should "go it alone" are a sign of a decadent irresponsibility and an absorption in cricket and film stars.

For a moment at least *The Times* and the Premier reverted to the type of Colonel Blimp. Was it not faint-hearted to quibble about the law when British interests were at stake? (The laws were made by the British when Britannia ruled the waves.) And why truckle to Arabs? (It was we after all who created these Arab states when we destroyed the Turkish Empire.) It is here that Colonel Blimp, who has never forgotten Colonel Lawrence, is at his most sentimental. As long as the Arab states were obedient, he treated them with an approving patronage—which did nothing to relieve their poverty, but which flattered their vices and their vanity. Even after Abadan, our Foreign Office Blimps could not face the significance of growing Arab nationalism; it took our dismissal from Jordan, the nationalisation of the Suez Company, and Iraq's support of Nasser to convince them that these countries, with or without Soviet encouragement, would inevitably turn against our paternalism and seek to exploit for their own selfish advantage their natural resources—which we had helped them to develop rather for our own benefit than for theirs. When this happened, Colonel Blimp's reaction was that of Queen Victoria when she said that she would like "to give those Russians a good whipping".

In the midst of its latest rhetorical outburst *The Times* suddenly dropped into sense, with all the effect of bathos. Public opinion, it said, "wants to avoid the use of force. So does everyone, and we hope no one does so more than the British government. But that is a far cry from saying that because there seems little we could do about it, the best thing is to find excuses for, and forget, the whole business." It is indeed a far cry and we know no critic of the government's threat of force who thinks there is little to be done about the Canal, or that we should forget about it. On the contrary, the problem is urgent, and we, in common with other critics, have throughout the last three weeks been discussing what, sensibly, can be done about it. One of the favourite taunts of the Blimps, when their sentimentality is exposed, is Disraeli's quip about those "who are the friends of every country save their own". Unlike *The Times* (which could not resist this cliché) we have never been in love with Arab civilisation; and although we welcomed General Neguib's *coup* which got rid of Farouk and some other corrupt elements in Egyptian society, we have always pointed to the dangers of a dictatorship dependent on the good will of the army, while also pledged to the task of raising the standard of living of the fellaheen. That Nasser might be tempted to military adventure against Israel was an obvious danger. We were, therefore, doubly pleased at the promise of a constructive alternative when America and Britain, with Russia as a competitor, promised to aid in building the Aswan Dam. It was Mr. Dulles's abrupt cancellation of America's promised aid that provoked Nasser to retort with an equally abrupt seizure of the Suez Company.

None of this in any way inclines us to favour Nasser's regime, which is becoming a happy hunting ground for ex-Nazis, and which is guilty of all the usual totalitarian vices, including the expulsion of journalists and other inquisitive foreigners. We are not under the illusion that the new national regimes will always or quickly improve on British rule, or that they will avoid those conflicts and muddles that have attended the birth of every nation. We dislike nationalism. But we recognise the existence of a world revolution, and we do not share the illusion that it can be reversed with bombs. It has never occurred to us to minimise the dangerous possibility of Nasser's establishing himself as a dictator of the Arab world. Because, however, we do not share *The Times* view that the first step to successful negotiations is to have "a foot in the door first"—sentimental language for creating a *fait accompli*—we believe that it may now be possible to find a workable compromise which will keep the Canal open.

The result of pressure from the U.S., Scandinavia, India, Pakistan, and indeed from every non-Commonwealth country except France, was that Mr. Menzies heads a commission which is not to deliver an ultimatum but to negotiate. It is yet to be seen whether enough elasticity exists on both sides to make a settlement possible. In his press conference on Tuesday, Mr. Dulles left no doubt that he hoped for such a compromise. After all, words like "supervision," and "operational control" are mutually exclusive only if one wishes them to be so. What must be the ratio of foreigners to Egyptians, and at what level in the hierarchy must they operate? At what point does Nasser's supervision become the control desired by the principal users of the Canal? Such questions have to be posed and answered before the chance of agreement can be written off.

Even if these negotiations fail, there are other alternatives, all of them better than war, the results of which for the world are incalculable and for Britain easy to foresee. The attempt to make war would be recognised by the world outside this country as one of those last desperate flings which have led to the destruction of many great nations in the past. Historical analogies are easily found and often misleading. But since *The Times* has begun this undergraduate game, we suggest to its learned leader writer that the parallel is rather with classical Athens than with decadent Venice. He should re-read his Thucydides and recall how Athens, alarmed by the revolt of her colonies, sent an invading force far beyond her strength to punish Syracuse and re-establish her prestige. That was the end of Athenian military power. If Britain makes a similar mistake it is doubtful whether, like Athens, she would be recognised at the end as the cultural centre of the world. The surest way to lose prestige, which is still Britain's greatest asset, is to court humiliation by threats which cannot be made good. This journal does not believe that Britain has ceased to be able to play a worthy and important part in the world's politics. It may yet play a great part if we do not equate greatness with military power.

The Electronic Convention

WHAT J. B. Priestley calls the New Society—and what Graham Wallas saw a half-century ago, peering with his owl-like wisdom into the darkness ahead—had its formal unveiling in full-fledged splendour at the San Francisco Republican Convention. The idea of a convention as a democratic arena—"a darkling plain swept by confused alarums of struggle and flight"—still had some force at Chicago, but none at San Francisco. It was wholly an electronic convention.

The decisions had been reached beforehand, not even in the traditional last-minute "smoke-filled room," but in the Eisenhower high command. There were no rival candidates, either to Eisenhower or to Nixon. It was a one-button convention, with no competing buttons for anyone outside the orthodox "team." It was a sewed-up convention, with no scope for delegate freedom and no recourse from the decisions. And since the delegates had nothing to do except to say "Arkansas passes" or "Texas passes," when asked for other nominations, it became perforce a carnival convention—a mink-bedecked, diamond-studded, champagne-flowing Mardi Gras, discreetly Babylonian, with not enough genuinely high spirits to make it even lustily vulgar.

This convention established at least two "firsts." It was the first in American history to nominate both its candidates without a dissenting voice, doing better even than a Soviet collective farm or a Nasser election in Egypt. It was also the first to have been "produced," like a Hollywood movie or a TV "spectacular," with George Murphy in charge of the general production and Robert Montgomery in charge of the TV delivery and histrionics of the two candidates. Even the seconding speeches for Eisenhower were staged with the same mechanical precision: the managers picked the seconders—a Texas Protestant mother, a Catholic ex-football coach, a young Southerner, a Negro woman professor, a Midwest farmer, a Catholic member of a steelworkers' union, and a Boston Jewish woman—as if they were using an International Business Machine. Even Providence was drawn into the production when Nixon left dramatically for the bedside of his dying father on the day he was to be nominated, and returned the next day to accept the nomination and tell his TV audience that his father had rallied because of the "tonic" effect of the choice of his son.

In the effort to give a lifeless convention some colour there were elaborately staged "demonstrations" for "Ike and Dick" that were over-prepared and synthetic. At one point, when a maniac member of the production staff thought of releasing a barrage of toy balloons from the ceiling just before the President rose to make his acceptance speech, and the TV screen showed some unbelievable shots of the President of the United States pelting and being pelted by balloons, a Japanese correspondent watching it smiled his most courtly smile and commented, "Very childish, don't you think so?" Perhaps it was this element of childishness that saved the convention from being even more of a portent than it was. It is hard to believe that the TV audience was wholly taken in by the blandishments and failed to see some of the idiocies of a convention that was half a Shriners' conclave and half a political party monolith.

The monolithic part contained the element of menace. The personality cult of Eisenhower has been building up ever since the 1952 campaign and has reached unparalleled heights since his illnesses. Yet in itself it would be tolerable—especially since the cult-object is ingratiating and not over-solemn about it. But that cannot be said of the drive to put over the Nixon nomination, which had elements of behind-the-scenes manipulation along with an open hysteria.

There are many who now doubt whether the Nixon nomination could ever have been stopped. I think it could have been if the President had acted firmly six months ago, when he was recovering from his heart attack and knew how important the second man would be if he were himself re-elected. The President has expressed, with a formal correctness, his sense of Nixon's "dedicated" and "efficient" and "able" work, but I don't know anyone close to the high command who has been willing to say that the President wholly trusts Nixon to carry on his work. But Nixon has been the darling of the Hoover-Taft-McCarthy wing of the party, mainly because of the Alger Hiss case but also because his record in Congress was on the reactionary side. He also carried many of the campaign burdens in the 1952 and 1954 campaigns, and built up a party following among the professionals. When Eisenhower, who lacked the courage in 1952 to drop Nixon under fire, again hesitated to decide one way or another about him in the early months of 1956, Thomas Dewey saw the wave of the future and went over to Nixon. The alliance of the Taft and Dewey professionals was too powerful to beat. The only thing that could undercut it was the fact that Nixon is heartily disliked not only by most Democrats and many independents but even by a segment of Republicans.

This is what Harold Stassen tried to use in his belated campaign to dump Nixon, using sample poll figures that have every mark of being authentic and that show Nixon as a weak running-mate. But Stassen started late and clumsily. At the convention itself the feeling against him as a party "traitor" was skilfully manoeuvred into a pro-Nixon sentiment. Stassen himself was surrounded by a near-lynching hatred, and one of his supporters—the head of the Missouri delegation—was actually roughed up. Stassen never had much of a chance with the delegates, but when the psychic intensity of the Nixon forces frightened off any chance of Eisenhower intervention, Stassen folded and seconded Nixon's nomination in pathetic surrender. His final failure of nerve was exceeded only by the cowardice of the anti-Nixon people who had not dared to speak when Stassen started his drive.

There are some Republicans who are heartened by the "liberalism" of the two acceptance speeches, and argue that Eisenhower is trying to rebuild his party and take it away from the isola-

tionists and the primitives. They forget that the right wing of the party is quiescent now only because Eisenhower is the only resource the party has, and only through him can they stay in power. The right-wingers showed their continuing strength by refusing to follow Eisenhower on crucial parts of his Congressional programme. On the crucial test—the Nixon nomination—they showed that they could outmanœuvre the liberal wing if Eisenhower kept his hands off.

Once he is elected they will no longer need him. If it should happen that he cannot serve out his term, they will have a successor in the White House for whom they have high hopes, even if they, too, do not wholly trust him. If Eisenhower does serve out his term they will come out in the open in 1960, renewing the deep internal struggle for the soul of the Republican Party. The reason why San Francisco was a phantom convention was that the automation, the hoopla, and the monolithic surface concealed the existence of this struggle.

MAX LERNER

San Francisco.

London Diary

SOME of the criticism now levelled at Hugh Gaitskell by left-wing critics is misplaced. The Leader of the Opposition must accept the Prime Minister's invitation to dinner with important conference delegates, even if the chairman of the T.U.C. and the editor of *The Times* are fellow guests. Why not? England is governed by important people, amongst whom the next Premier is certainly one. There is nothing here of the "aristocratic embrace" which gradually wooed MacDonald away from his party. Nobody thinks that Gaitskell is interested in titles, soft soap and soft living. The aristocratic embrace is played out. What Socialists should fear is the power embrace, which is more subtle. Of course Mr. Gaitskell is right to meet the Establishment. What people fear is that he will prefer to be praised by *The Times* and the *Telegraph* rather than by Socialist journals, or even by the *Manchester Guardian*. It is dangerous for the Opposition Leader to get too close to the people in power; it is fatal for him to get committed to bi-partisanship. Sir Winston Churchill never made this mistake when Labour was in office; he refused information that would hamper his style in opposition. Since the Leader of the Opposition cannot know all the facts and arguments which lead to government decisions, he had much better not know those bits chosen for him by the Premier or by the Premier's advisers. For if he becomes a repository of secrets, he must build a barrier round himself, which wrecks his relation with his own team. He needs his own independent research bureau. If he once falls for the "Council of State" theory, which holds that there are no basic differences between the parties, and that we are all really a lot of old boys together looking after our common interests, then he had better cease talking about Socialism. For Socialism is not just an administrative adjustment of the existing order of society. The issues are of principle, real conflicts of interest exist and must be faced. The struggle is real, not sham.

* * *

Is Stevenson fighting a lost cause? On the face of it, the combination of Eisenhower's personal appeal with the "peace and prosperity" slogan should be enough to beat him, even if not by the six million majority which Ike piled up in 1952. But the peculiar arithmetic of American elections shows that it doesn't need a very big swing of opinion to give Stevenson at least a chance of getting home. To win, he must secure 266 electoral votes. If, as seems possible this year, he can rally the solid South back into the Democratic fold, he starts with 128. Add to these the normally Democratic states—that is, where the Democrats hold the governorships and win the congressional elections. That makes a total of 190. Then there are states such as Illinois, Oklahoma, Michigan, Minnesota and Missouri, which are marginal but lean towards the Democrats. Another 65 votes could be found from this group. Stevenson would then only need less than a score of votes to carry him over the top. This means that he could win even if Ike held New York, California, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, the New England and the tier of farm states. I am not making any prophecy. I am only saying that at this stage no one should take the result as a foregone conclusion. I notice that one of the columnists in the *New York Times* suggests that this may be "one of the liveliest and most bitterly contested elections in the last twenty-five years."

* * *

Sir Andrew Cohen's appointment as chief British delegate on the Trusteeship Council of the United Nations did not come as any surprise. He is the most distinguished figure amongst British colonial governors and, as one of those in the Colonial Office who had most to do with setting the pattern for a progressive British policy in Africa, he is particularly qualified for a job which requires a wide understanding of colonial problems. But I hope it will not be too long before he returns to play a direct and active part in African development. He may have made mistakes in Uganda; I think myself he made errors of judgment over the Kabaka, but he has admirably retrieved the position and I hope his successor can do as well. I say this with some doubt, because it is an astonishing decision to send an official from Kenya to govern Uganda. You have only to talk to Tanganyika or Uganda officials—let alone Africans—to discover how abysmally low they rate the Kenya administration. There is a wide gulf between the three colonies. In Tanganyika and Uganda the white settlers are few and an African state is being created. In Kenya the settlers' influence is the decisive factor, and this affects the attitude of every official towards the Africans. In the coming Kenya elections the European parties and groups agree on a policy of maintaining an exclusively European Highlands and a racial discrimination in education. Many settlers are opposed to having any Africans or Asians as Ministers. This European attitude naturally affects the minds of Kenya officials. So any administrator coming from Kenya to Uganda necessarily begins with a very serious handicap.

* * *

". . . Mr. U Nu resigned in order to give his attention to reorganising and strengthening the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League, the government party throughout the country. Simultaneously the new Prime Minister, Mr. U Ba Swe. . . ." *Time and Tide*, August 26, 1956. . . . And, as Mr. Herr Adenauer said to Mrs. Lady Rhondda. . . .

* * *

The bomb sites are gradually being built over, and the four-foot walls that have for a dozen years stopped us falling into them are accordingly going too. This is hotting up the competition between the bill-posting firms, for whom the four-foot walls have provided a target that seems somehow to have been forgotten by the people who enforce the control of advertisements under the Town and Country Planning Act. The bill-posters slap their products on top of each other's work with hardly a wait for each other's paste to dry. And yet a few of these posters seem to survive for many weeks, long outliving, in some cases, the occasions they advertise. One of these was an exhortation not to miss a series of articles in *The People* about so-and-so's "evil women". It showed three photographs of young women who supposedly control or facilitate some of the trade that keeps *The People* so righteously and prosperously hard at work; and as one daily or oftener passed these faces on the four-foot walls along Great Turnstile, one got to know them quite well. But why, I wondered, was it right to lampoon these women like this? If the law of libel could stop railway companies placarding their stations with the names of convicted fare-dodgers, why should somebody's evil women not have the protection that the law is supposed to offer to all? The answer is no doubt, that the Evil Women were believed by *The People* to be too evil to come out into the light and prosecute; but the placarding seems to me to have left them with little to lose by doing so.

* * *

One of the original rules of the famous Huddersfield Choral Society, whose Christmas broadcast of the *Messiah* has become a national institution, runs as follows:

> No person shall be a member of this Society who frequents any of the Socialist meetings, nor shall the Librarian be allowed to lend any copies of music (knowingly) belonging to the Society to any Socialist, upon pain of expulsion.

Which was perhaps this Liberal-controlled town's way of practising the injunction "Come unto Him, all ye that labour."

* * *

Soon the masses will be fully educated. The *Julius Cæsar* film was put over in the United States as the greatest of murder stories: *Hamlet* as a horror comic. Now King Vidor has turned *War and Peace* into a film, explaining that: "We did not have time to write an entirely new story and this proved a most fortunate circumstance." This approach may explain a lot. I remember that when *Gone With The Wind* appeared it was described as "America's *War and Peace*." The *New York Times* now reveals that the film of Tolstoy's novel is being acclaimed as "Russia's *Gone With The Wind*."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

SIR,—I have been a reader of the *Manchester Guardian* for well over thirty years, but I cannot go on much longer if your policy is to find that Great Britain is always wrong and any jumped-up thugs are always right.—Letter in *Manchester Guardian*. (G. Ansari.)

The angry parents of 33 Grimsby choir-school boys are demanding to know why their sons were allowed to drink wine during a school holiday in Switzerland.—*Daily Mail*. (V. Britneff.)

One of the most popular hostesses I have met is Lady Clarke, wife of Sir Ashley Clarke, our Ambassador in Rome. . . . Although she likes people to be natural when they visit her, there is no question of informality going too far. When, at one stage, some of the embassy wives began to appear at cocktail parties without hats, Lady Clarke very quickly let it be know that correct dress included hats. And so they have been worn ever since.—*Daily Telegraph*. (P. Faulkner.)

Harnessing the British Ass

MUCH more is involved in the proposed reforms of the British Association (now meeting in Sheffield) than changing the structure and modifying the practices of a venerable institution, 125 years old. That would be the proper business of its members; but the issues which compelled the re-examination affect the whole of science and are (or should be) of public concern.

Putting those issues at their highest and most sombre, Sir Raymond Priestley, this year's president, said: "If man's passions get out of hand—and control of emotions is not a notable 20th-century trait—the survivors of mankind may be plunged in a Dark Age such as has succeeded civilisations of the past at least nine times in the chequered history of mankind. Man is indeed at the crossroads today. We of the British Association may well ask ourselves what we can do to help the world to make the choice which will ensure the survival and further progress of humanity. . . ."

As J. Robert Oppenheimer said: "The only answer to fear lies in courage." That was when, during the investigations which smeared him, he was defending his scientific doubts about the H-bomb. "The decision to proceed with the hydrogen bomb had a complicated technical background but also important moral and human consequence. There was danger in the fact that such decisions had to be taken secretly, not because the people who took decisions were not wise, but because the very need, the very absence of criticism and discussion, tended to corrode the decision-making process. These were hard decisions dealing with fearful things, and sometimes the answer to fear does lie merely in explaining away the reasons for fear." That was the voice of the lonely scientist, remote from the concourse of society, isolated by secrecy and by over-specialisation; the "tame magician", expected to give the answers to suit his masters but still knowing that the scientist has a moral responsibility to inform the judgment of the people.

The British Association has existed since 1831 for just that purpose: to bring scientists of the various disciplines together to inform each other and inform the people; to discourse but also to discuss; to make science intelligible to the public and "to educate our masters". It has its counterparts abroad and they form the only bodies of scientists capable of this function, since, with the increasing specialisation of science, the separate disciplines have hived off into their various learned societies. Each speaks a different language. None, not even the Royal Society although it encompasses all the natural sciences, regards instructing the public as an overriding duty.

The appointment, under Sir Ben Lockspeiser, of a committee to re-examine the functions of the British Association, recognises that it, too, has been losing the common touch. As Sir Raymond Priestley said: "The Association's functions of integration and dissemination are expressed in its title and set out at greater length in its constitution. Today they are more important than they ever were before and the duties involved are much more difficult to perform. The world can no longer afford to wait until an annual convention for the announcement of major discoveries. A great apparatus of scientific periodicals, has, in any case, removed the need. Yet the annual parade of science before the people should have its value. At that parade, science must wear the abbreviated bathing costume of the 1950s rather than the Victorian crinoline, so that the beauty, the challenge and the danger of the truth may be seen by all. This aim can only be achieved if the scientist can state his results in language that can be appreciated at least by the average educated citizen."

As one who has attended every British Association meeting since 1927 and has tried to make its proceedings intelligible to the lay-public, I know how far it has fallen short of the president's specifications; but I also know its difficulties. They are the difficulties inherent in traditionalism but also in the over-specialisation which makes the average scientist so self-conscious—or at least so conscious of the possible criticisms of his fellows—that he cannot express himself simply. He hates to "play to the gallery"; but it is to the "gallery" that the British Association, if it is to "disseminate" as well as "integrate" scientific information, must play.

Obviously, any reconstruction of the British Association must be a compromise between traditionalism and modern needs and, properly conceived, there is no conflict. The Association can still provide the platform for leading scientists to propound their work, discuss "pure" science and convey (one hopes) what Sir Edward Appleton, during his presidency, called "the fun of finding out". But, if it is to fulfil its function of integration, it must also provide opportunities—through joint sessions of the different sections—for scientists to compare notes and discuss related problems. It must further provide for non-specialists—the laymen, but also those scientists who, outside their own specialisations, are "non-specialists"—by marshalling in review the facts of science, in intelligible language, so that the social and political consequences can be foreseen and judgments formed. All three functions have been performed rather inadequately for the past 20 years. In the troubled Thirties, when it was apparent that science must declare some interest in the problems which were besetting society, sections were encouraged to amalgamate for appropriate discussions. "Popular" sessions have also been tried but these might have done better under another label because even lay-members of the British Association have a certain snobbery which resents any suggestion of being "talked down to". Such sessions should have a manifest meaning and significance, with "star performers" capable of being lucid, without being patronising.

The reluctance to develop and extend such practices derived from the character of the Association, with its 14 sections, each with its own committee, president and officers. To be an officer means a year's hard work; to be a sectional president is a conferred honour. The sections, therefore, have been jealous of their autonomy and have insisted on their right to organise their own programmes in their own way. Now it is imperative that there should be some co-ordination and agreed direction of the sectional programmes to provide some balance and coherence to the programme as a whole. Apart from creating a meaningful pattern, this may lead to what some of us think is desirable, a theme for each conference. This again has been tried tentatively—with the theme set by presidents and taken up afterwards in the various sections—but this was suspect as "formalism" and as putting too much restraint on the programmes.

The thinking on reform goes further. The Association, when it was formed, provided a platform—literally a platform, in the days when that was the only means of reaching an audience. Nowadays, the platform is almost incidental because speakers can reach an incalculably greater audience through the press, radio and television. It already gets a considerable "coverage" but it can certainly get a far greater co-operation if, as is proposed, much closer relations are established with the "mass-media" in the preparatory stages when the mounting and presentation of the programme can be considered.

All that is not enough. The British Association annual meeting is a week's scientific festival. For the rest of the year, as far as its impact on the public is concerned, it might not exist. Yet the need for continuing activity throughout the year was recognised even before the Second World War, when the Association set up the Division of Social and International Relations, under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Gregory. This was given powers to meet at any time and anywhere throughout the year, to hold conferences on subjects of social or industrial or international importance, affected by science.

Now this division has been given a new lease of life: its job is to go into the highways and byways—meeting the industrialists, the trade unions, the farmers, the public authorities, showing them how science affects their interest and can serve them. This will widen the influence of the Association—with the not unconsidered advantage of recruiting much-needed finance.

The new president of the British Association is Professor P. M. S. Blackett, representing that middle generation which the Association has tended to lose. He was a member of the original committee of the Division of Social and International Relations and has always been actively aware of the social implications of science. In his year of office, he may be able to "harness the British Ass", the tail of which Sir Raymond Priestley so usefully twisted this year.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Fate of Bela Kun

LAST February, during the Soviet 20th Congress, Bela Kun was suddenly rehabilitated. The leader of the Hungarian revolution in 1919 had disappeared mysteriously in Russia in 1937, and nothing more had been heard of him in official Communist statements until, on February 21, *Pravda* published a commemorative article by Eugene Varga—the Soviet economist of Hungarian origin—and *Szabad Nep*, the party newspaper in Budapest, carried an editorial celebrating the 70th birthday of Bela Kun. Between his liquidation as a Trotskyite and traitor, and his belated recognition as "one of the most outstanding personalities of the Hungarian and international Labour movement" there were 19 years of silence. And, even now, the Communist press has not disclosed any details about the date or the circumstances of his death.

This gap, however, has been filled by an article by Avro Tuominen, once general secretary of the Finnish Communist Party and a prominent figure in the Comintern. Tuominen, writing in the Finnish magazine *Uusi Kuvalehti*, has described a meeting of the presidium of the Comintern early in 1937 which was, in fact, nothing less than Bela Kun's secret trial. Tuominen is one of the surviving witnesses of this scene, together with Otto Kuusinen, the president of the Karelo-Finnish Soviet Republic and still a member of the central committee of the C.P.S.U., Wilhelm Pieck, the East German president, Palmiro Togliatti and

Eugene Varga. And though he writes only about the case of Bela Kun, he could no doubt tell a similar story about other purges in the Comintern. There was, for instance, the decision to dissolve the Polish Communist Party and to send some of its ablest leaders—such people as Lenski, Warski and Vera Kostrzewa—to their deaths. And there was the liquidation of the leaders of the Rumanian C.P., including Marcel Pauker, the husband of Ana Pauker.

It is clear from Tuominen's account that Kun was not an opponent of Stalin's. On the contrary, like the Soviet leaders rehabilitated by Krushchev in his "secret" speech, he was "always an honest Communist": that is, he was a Stalinist who was wrongly accused, not a Trotskyist, Zinovievite or Bukharinite. It is ironical to note that, as in the case of the Polish leaders, the Kun affair is blamed on Beria, although both events took place early in 1937 when Beria was merely a party secretary in Transcaucasia. Kun had been dead for several months when Beria replaced Yezhov as head of the NKVD.

The other conclusion from Tuominen's account is that such prominent Communists as Togliatti, Pieck and Dimitrov knew of these cases and acquiesced in them: their silence made them accomplices as well as witnesses, and Togliatti today cannot press his criticism of Krushchev too far without running the risk of a devastating retort. This knowledge, indeed, may explain Togliatti's rapid acceptance of Krushchev's "further explanation" of the failure of the Soviet leaders to challenge Stalin in his lifetime.

In his article, the substance of which I quote below, Tuominen remarks that the presidium of the Comintern was frequently convened in the period of the great purges to hear that one of its leaders had been found "a traitor and an enemy of the people". It was, he says,

> like living in a nightmare. Many of the members of the presidium itself had followed the path of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Tukhachevsky, Rykov and many others. The survivors lived from day to day, wondering whose turn would come next. One such ominous meeting was convened in the Spring of 1937. Immediately the session began, the chairman, Georgi Dimitrov, laconically announced that the case of Bela Kun would be discussed. It was to be presented by Manuilsky, the liaison official between the Comintern and Stalin. Manuilsky began to read from a document. After reading a couple of paragraphs, he asked: "Does Citizen Bela Kun recognise this?".
>
> The word Manuilsky used—"Citizen"—seemed to affect Bela Kun like an electric shock. The rest of us too, except Dimitrov and Manuilsky, were startled. When the word "Citizen" had been substituted for "Comrade" on this sort of occasion, it meant nothing less than a sentence of death. Horrified and pale, Bela Kun mumbled: "Yes, I do. It is written by myself. It is a circular sent to Communists in Hungary."

Manuilsky went on with his reading, and, emphasising a paragraph which sharply criticised the work of the Comintern, put particular stress on a phrase that suggested that one of the reasons for deficient work had been "the weak representation of the Soviet Communist Party in the Comintern". At that, Manuilsky again asked Kun if he was the author. When he assented, Manuilsky added: "Presumably Citizen Bela Kun knows that it is Comrade Stalin who represents the Soviet Communist Party in the Comintern?".

> Bela Kun could contain himself no longer. Standing up, he shouted, "This is a vile conspiracy, I did not mean Comrade Stalin, but you, Manuilsky, and Moskvin, who are secretaries and bad Bolsheviks. I do know that Stalin is a member of the presidium and Zhdanov and Yezhov members of the executive committee, but after all, they seldom attend meetings. They are good Bolsheviks, the best in the world, but you, Manuilsky, you're no Bolshevik. Didn't Lenin even in exile call you a god-seeker?"
>
> This attack made Manuilsky flush with anger. He, too, lost his temper. Trying to keep calm, he started in an ironical vein and said: "Such a great leader as Citizen Bela Kun considers himself to be shouldn't waste his ammunition on such a small bird as I. But Comrade Stalin is a big enough target even for him, and it's at Comrade Stalin that he aimed in this circular."

Manuilsky, Tuominen continues, built up the case against Bela Kun by asserting that this was not the first dangerous deviation on his part, and even accused him, in what has since become a standard formula used even as recently as the trial of Beria, of having been in touch with the Rumanian secret police during the 1919 revolution. Kun's desperate attempt to defend himself against these charges was a failure. Like the Stalinists whose letters from prison were quoted by Krushchev, Kun believed it was all a mistake. He shouted back at Manuilsky. "This is a terrible provocation, a conspiracy to get me murdered. But I swear that I have not wanted to insult Comrade Stalin. I want to explain everything to Comrade Stalin himself." Tuominen comments that he, and other members who had not been let into the secret, "were uncertain whether or not Bela Kun had really attempted to sully Stalin's glory".

> We all sat there, silent and horrified, watching this great and strong popular leader fight for his life, and the sharp poisonous attacks of his executioner. Nobody dared to speak, nobody could think of anything to say, for or against.
>
> As the fight was beginning to wane, Dimitrov tinkled the chairman's bell, declared the discussion closed and announced that the case would be referred to a committee of three. Until the case had been fully cleared, Citizen Bela Kun was relieved of all duties in the Hungarian Communist Party and the Comintern.
>
> The session was over. Bela Kun was allowed to go, and as he left the hall, two NKVD men took him away. Nothing more was heard of him, and his case was not discussed again at the Comintern meetings. Rumour had it that he had been shot.

No doubt, Tuominen—and Togliatti, if he wished—could open other sordid dossiers from these years. But how long shall we wait to hear Moscow tell these stories officially and in full?

DANIEL NORMAN

The Intellectual Tour de France

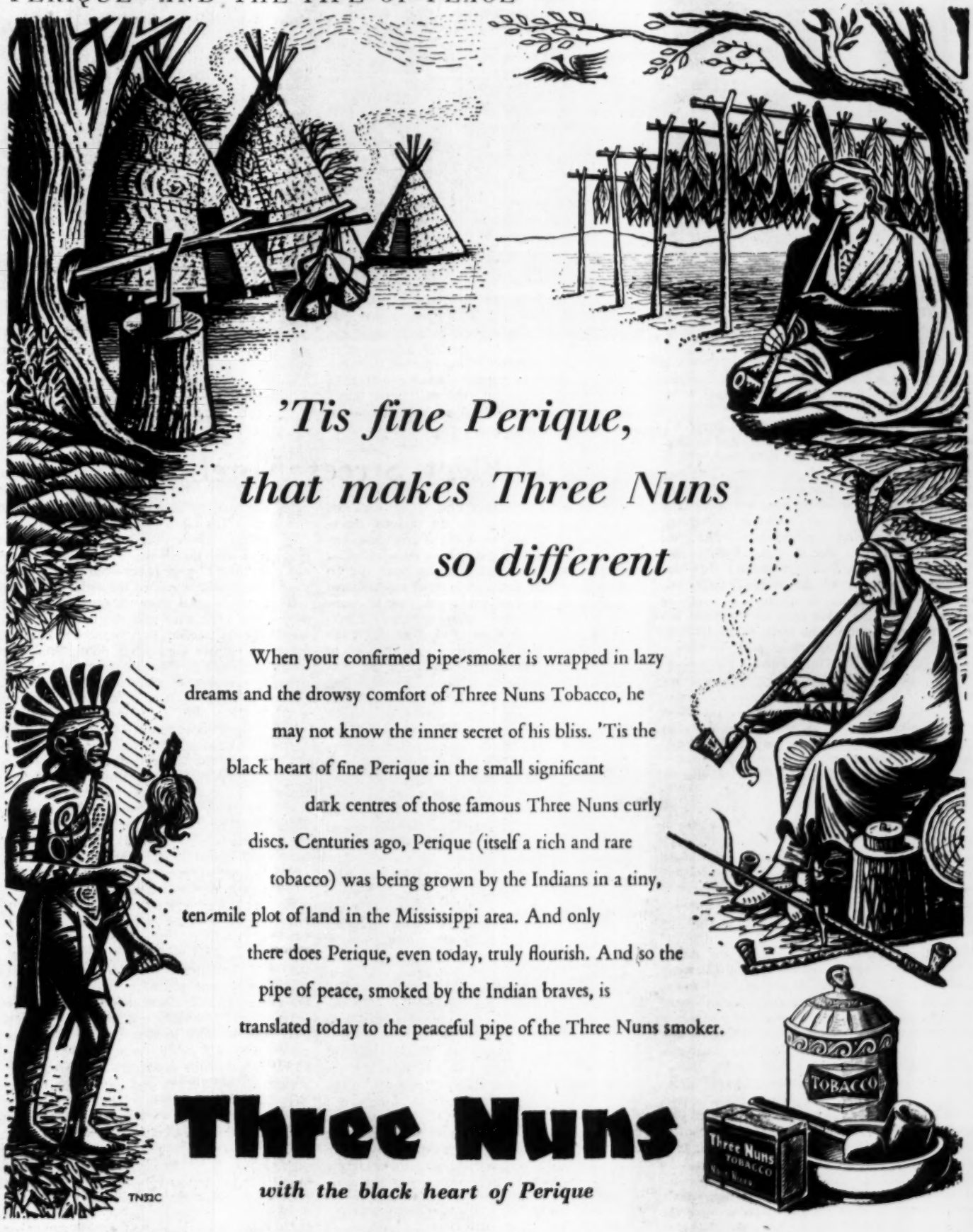
"I DID not think," said the sole English competitor in the *Tour de France* some years ago, "that they would travel so far or so fast". That is one reaction, the reaction of despair, to the French shock: the Englishman, after enduring for days the ignominy of being praised in the French press for *le sportmanship*—that is, for losing—retired from the race. This base example will be seductive to many an obscure competitor in that perpetual *Tour de France* in which the flower of French intellect forever struggles to divest M. Sartre of the most bilious of *maillots jaunes*. Indeed the foreign intellectual is at more of a disadvantage than the foreign cyclist: the cyclist does not have to ride a French bicycle. The English-speaking intellectual trying to argue in French rapidly develops a Laocoon complex, combining a conviction of indiscretion with a sense of being overpowered by something twisty and slippery. The French language can only be spoken effectively by someone who shares certain French assumptions: that intellectual ability, if possessed, should—and can safely—be displayed constantly, and in all social situations, even when sober; that fluent speech is more estimable than reticence; that every consciousness wishes the death of every other consciousness; that conversation is warfare carried on by other means. Unless you are prepared to accept these truths and to reject such vestiges of your island heritage as are implied by words like "glib" and "show off," then the French will go too far and too fast for you and you had better retire from the race. But let us suppose that you are young and strong and clever, that you have what you think is a good knowledge of French, and that you say to St.-Germain des Prés, like Rastignac to Society: *A nous deux maintenant!* What will this entail?

The first essential is to become, by an effort of will, every day a little more *méchant*. To be *méchant* is to be alert for every opportunity of aggression, and shrewd in determining, and profiting from, the form and extent of aggression possible in a particular instance. If, for example, your English cyclist had had a dash of *méchanceté* in his composition he would not have indulged in mawkish tributes to the skill of his adversaries; he would have accused them—quite justly—of sometimes pushing each other on hills, and sometimes bribing each other to drop back. And he would have made this accusation, in language of calculated extravagance but giving names and times, in an exclusive interview to a mass-circulation newspaper, for a fee stipulated in advance. The fee he would have used to bribe his competitors to drop behind, to push him on hills and to sabotage their team-mates. In this way he might not have won but he would certainly have improved his place in the *classement général* and become an abused and respected figure.

Pause, then, for a couple of moments and reflect, before you utter a syllable of French, *méchant* or other, not only on how well you really do know French, but also on how well you wish to appear to know it. The answer to the second will depend on the answer to the first. If your French is that of a Frenchman, if you "think in French" (like Descartes, or preferably better) then by all means speak with your natural perfection; your duplicity can be limited to concealing the fact that your mother was French and that you spent the first sixteen years of your life in Châteaudun. But if your French is something less than perfect, if you have been known to hesitate over a gender, or make a liaison (phonetically) which you should not make, then your tactics will be different.

You must begin by dropping that elegant French accent, which so impressed the girls in Swansea; farewell to those slender "u"s, those gargling "r"s: you cannot afford these trappings here, they will only entangle you when you catch your foot in a gender and your enemies are upon you. Keep your accent as English as you can without actually falling into barbarism; the phonetic implication should be: "I am being good enough to speak your language, but I am not interested in speaking it like you". You will not suppose, however, that this tactic will entitle you to any particular respect in itself: this is merely the best way for the imperfectly equipped but aggressive foreigner to secure his most vulnerable flank. Phonetics apart, you should give the adversary the impression that you know about 30 per cent. *less* French than you actually do: a higher percentage would lead to boredom and the cessation of the dialogue, a lower percentage leaves you too exposed. The 30 per cent. rule forces the adversary to explain himself in simpler—and

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



'Tis fine Perique, that makes Three Nuns so different

When your confirmed pipe-smoker is wrapped in lazy dreams and the drowsy comfort of Three Nuns Tobacco, he may not know the inner secret of his bliss. 'Tis the black heart of fine Perique in the small significant dark centres of those famous Three Nuns curly discs. Centuries ago, Perique (itself a rich and rare tobacco) was being grown by the Indians in a tiny, ten-mile plot of land in the Mississippi area. And only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish. And so the pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian braves, is translated today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN32C

therefore cruder—terms, which are easier to answer; it leaves you free to ignore his more telling points and—most delightful of all—his quips; it is flexible enough to allow you to alternate bursts of understanding and fluency (when you have an idea) with linguistic inquiries, breaking the thread of the opponent's discourse (when you have no idea).

Some claim, against appearances (appropriately enough) that philosophy is the field in which the French may most easily be confounded. Most of us will have heard a lady, speaking on the Third Programme, gravelling the pastors of the St. Germain church, and revealing M. Sartre, M. Merleau-Ponty and their friends as involved in problems whose meaninglessness had long ago been exposed by Anglo-Saxon thinkers. This sort of thing is devastating given complete control of the air, and given also the English language, addressed to English ears. But across a table in the Mabillon, in French, to two *agrégés* and a metaphysical pickpocket? Try it, by all means: if the B.B.C. in Avenue Hoche would sponsor the experiment you would have a better chance because you would at least have money to square the pickpocket. Even with his help on the more gruelling semantic hills, however, one cannot feel that your place in the *classement* is likely to be higher than third.

Literature, as a subject in itself, is unpromising: your adversary will be uninterested in English literature and your views on French will be treated as anthropological curiosities. You can, of course, keep alive your self-respect by reading Ionescu in Rumanian or Brendan Behan in Irish but these accomplishments, arresting as they are, do not permit extended controversy. The great merit of literature is that it slopes down irresistibly to two adjoining valleys, vast and lush, where decisive victories may be won—Politics and America. The French intellectual, as everyone knows, is left-wing. He may be Christian left like the *Esprit* group, who seem to await—with different sentiments from those of Léon Bloy—the Cossacks and the Holy Ghost. He may be a Mendèsian, or more probably ex-Mendèsian, reader of *L'Express*. Or he may be a Marxist; school of Thorez, school of Hervé, school of *France-Observateur*, or even—one was seen the other night in the Closerie des Lilas—an unreconstructed Stalinist.

Excluding the official Thorezian Communists to whom it is unnecessary to listen—since one can always read *L'Humanité*—we have here a rich mixture of discrepant ideas and emotions, various combinations of which can possess any given intellectual. The satirical paper, *Le Canard Enchainé*—though fallen on evil days—probably represents in a crude form the largest common fund of ideas. *Le Canard* appears to be written at present by some very old gentleman with the assistance of some first-year students, so that one can see a certain stratification. The lowest stratum still plainly visible is that of Dreyfus: that emotional hostility to Church and army, which the Assumptionists of *La Croix* provoked by their bitter and unjust partisanship and which has long survived its origin. For *Le Canard*, and for what one might call the French proto-intellectual, the Church is a machine for sprinkling holy water on atom-bombs. Over Dreyfus we have the strata that are to be expected: anti-German, anti-American, anti-parliamentarian (but also anti-Thorez, and of course anti-Fascist). The top layers are the most curious: anti-Algerian war, *but also* anti-Moslem and anti-Nasser. In these last issues *Le Canard* is in part responsive to the pull of French opinion generally, which, even among the Communists, tends to hate the fellaghas. In part, however, it is responsive to its own specific traditions. A given inhabitant of the Algiers Casbah is, on the one hand, a downtrodden fellow-man unjustly despised for his race, and wrongly called *sale bicot*: but on the other, is not this same man an abject clericalist, a slave to those fanatical Ulemas who, if they possessed a *goupillon* and an atom-bomb, would certainly sprinkle the latter with the former? This Arab, in short, is he not a Moslem? We love him for his colour but we kick him for his religion. This state of mind, so far from being confined to *Le Canard*, is so widespread that the supporters of the war address themselves to it constantly: the Algerian rebels are, they claim, "Fascists," "fanatics," "racialists" and even—by a special *trouvaille*—"imperialists." This campaign is certainly the most effective propaganda exercise by a western government since the war and it does much to account for the dilapidated condition of the political side of the French intellectual's intellect.

Leave others to lament this state of affairs; it is for you to exploit it. This is not Lord's. It is enough, in your chosen circle, to mention the name of Mr. Dulles in a neutral tone—that is, without a sneer—to produce the effect of a sinister epigram. The next step, with an air of giving credit where credit is due, is to praise the United States for their consistently liberal attitude in colonial affairs. This argument has the great merit of being able to reduce *all* Frenchmen, right or left or centre, to a state of almost incoherent rage. You need not fear the counter-attack; America is a subject on which the French intellectual has very strong opinions and almost no information. The condition of the Negroes in the United States will, of course, be denounced, but you can claim fairly enough that the attitudes of the white Southerners are fundamentally the same as those of the French *colons* in Algeria and that whereas the United States as a whole—through the Supreme Court decisions and otherwise—exerts a persistent pressure in an anti-racialist sense, France has not only failed to do so but has gone in the opposite direction. Did not a Socialist premier, last February, in effect concede all the demands of the *colons*?

Your basic case is sound enough and adequately infuriating. Provided you are not afraid to be rude, or too scrupulous to exaggerate and invent statistics and circumstances, you can win. If you suffer from these handicaps it is because you have failed to become *méchant*; if you cannot become *méchant*, it would be better for you to go home rather than degrade yourself by agreeing with the French: *Vil spectacle aux humains des faiblesses du fair-play.*

JOHN CAXTON

Fleet Street Notebook

FROM the point of view of Fleet Street itself the most interesting thing about the national newspapers during the last few weeks of crisis and sensation has been not what they have done but what they have not. Reactions both on Suez and on Cyprus have been in the main what any constant reader of any national paper you care to name could know beforehand—except that *The Times* has confounded even many of its admirers by the lengths to which it has been prepared to go in throwing moderation and reason out of the window—and even common fairness in interpreting the views of those of opposite opinions. But no crystal ball has been needed to foresee in advance what the *Telegraph*, *Mail* and *Express* would say about both Suez and Cyprus; or to judge that reason and good sense would be found in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*; or that, after a certain amount of initial fumbling in the case of Suez —although less in the case of Cyprus—both the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* would be found speaking much the same language as the *Guardian* in a shortened version.

It is not on the front pages and in the leader columns that an historian of the press, as distinct from an historian of the public affairs the press writes about, should look for his material during the last two weeks but in the offices of the general managers where certain very significant decisions have been taken—or rather not taken. As from August 20 all newspapers could if they had wished have increased their sizes considerably. In the new newsprint rationing period that opened with issues of morning papers of that date the 2d standard size morning papers are allowed to print an average of 12½ pages a day, tabloids like the *Mirror* and the *Sketch* up to 25 pages. To the ordinary reader it might seem that here was a golden opportunity. With crisis and tension in the air and news pouring in from every corner of the globe what could any newspaper welcome more than an opportunity to give its readers a fuller news service? Every newspaper has complained regularly for years that its passion to serve the public interest by giving more space to the serious reporting of domestic and world news was being thwarted by lack of space. But in fact not one of them has taken real advantage of the new dispensation. There have been a few additional pages here and there—the *Telegraph* has taken just a peek at a 12-page paper—but eight- and ten-page papers have remained the order of the day.

There are a good many newspapers—perhaps most—who hope they will continue so. These would like the freedom to print more to be quietly forgotten, without the reading public being made too conscious of it. We have reached a stage in newspaper economics when we may expect large papers only when there is nothing very much worth while reading in them—small ones when we are clamouring for news of events of the greatest importance. The argument in managerial offices during the last two weeks seems to have been that, since the news itself was sufficiently strong to create a natural demand for newspapers, it would be folly to spend money on making them bigger and better—more money on newsprint must be reserved for the dark days when readers have to be wooed by the offer of more and more of nothing very much.

That those days will return few doubt. There is nothing like a war scare to sell newspapers. But tension may well be dying down. Soon the newspapers will be out on their own in an increasingly difficult world. And the plain fact is that with the automatic rise in mass newspaper reading at an end and advertisers cutting allocations because of the credit squeeze and other consequence of "freedom from planning" the much demanded freedom to have larger newspapers is getting to look steadily less and less attractive to all but a few of the strongest. In March last the government's offer to end newsprint rationing altogether was rejected by the disturbed and horrified newspaper industry. The offer will almost certainly be renewed at the end of this year. And this time no refusal is likely to be possible. It is in the light of this fact that the attitude to the opportunity open since August 20 takes on its particular significance.

At existing newsprint prices the cost of two extra standard size pages a day (four tabloid size)

works out at approximately £4,800 a week per million copies for newsprint alone. When extra setting and other costs are added, the figure is very much larger—particularly as demands for higher wages are still coming along from the printing unions. Who can afford this these days? The *Mirror* and the *Express* possibly and, because of its high advertisement revenue, the *Telegraph*. *The Times* no longer uses ordinary newsprint—its problems are different. They do not at the present time include any great difficulty about making ends meet. But there are few other papers that can face the prospect with any pleasure.

It is this that offers the biggest of the newspaper fraternity their opportunity. And there is already much anxious expectation that they will not be slow to take it. When news slacks off, it may well pay them to produce—for a time at any rate—the biggest papers they can. The less prosperous with smaller circulations and less certain appeal to advertisers will then find themselves forced to one of two equally unpleasant courses. They can try to follow suit with the almost certain consequence that higher costs will not be met by increased revenue. Or they can keep their size within the limits of their budgets knowing that to do so may mean the rapid loss of readers to those papers that seem to offer more for twopence. Which way the decision will go and what its ultimate consequence on the newspaper pattern of this country will be, no one yet knows. The Suez crisis and the decision to abandon negotiation in Cyprus may have caused tense nerves among newspaper readers. They have provided a breathing space for the gentlemen in the front offices and board rooms of Fleet Street. But the breathing space will not last very long.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Last Man Out

EVEN on the best of cricketing days the Oval is a hostile ground. The Surrey County Cricket Club's committee reserves the right "to refuse admission to anyone at any time"; and, even when grudgingly admitted, spectators are subjected to a series of warnings and threats before they are allowed to approach the cricket. It will probably rain. No Money will be refunded. There must be No Photographs, No Dogs and No Betting. There may be No Play; and "everyone visiting the Oval is admitted subject to the Rules and Regulations of the Surrey County Cricket Club, which reserves the right to have removed from the ground any person who shall refuse to comply with them or whose presence is a source of danger or annoyance to others."

These regulations were amended and shortened in 1950 but lest, in the shortening, some prohibition might have been unwittingly omitted or some loophole to licentiousness uncovered, the authorised 1879 version remains posted beside the revised; and, so that no time may be lost between the devising of a new commandment and its promulgation, loudspeakers jut from the red-bricked pavilion through which the Surrey committee can tell the multitude to stop talking, keep off the grass or, for all I know, get its hair cut. The Oval is like the factory in Chaplin's *Modern Times*, where the minatory eye of the boss pierced even the lavatory walls. When I am there I feel the weight not only of 1879, but also of 1984.

On Monday this house of correction was more forbidding than ever when, threatened by the sky as well as by the Surrey committee, some

Australorp, Rhode Island, Leghorn, Sussex; there is hardly a part of the world that has not contributed something to the vocabulary of poultry raising. And farmer tending chickens is a traditional scene as valid for Kent as for Carolina or the Cape. In recent times, however, the scene has changed in one small, but important, particular. The meal now comes to the farm in paper sacks — multiwall sacks, strong, of several thicknesses — that bring the feed clean and then go for burning. Quietly, these paper sacks have effected a revolution in the hygienic carriage of all kinds of materials, from poultry meal to chemical powders. And this revolution is by no means confined to farming. Manufacturers now use Bowater packaging for all manner of goods. Shop windows, shelves and counters are gayer, neater, cleaner — thanks to protective Bowater wrappings. The tree from the far-off Bowater forest is much more today than just a provider of newsprint. Your cleansing tissues, madam; your hardboard, sir : all owe their origin to that most versatile of raw materials — timber.

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ten thousand of us crept through the gates, hoping that we should not be searched for betting slips or cameras. There was just a chance that we might see the flowing grace of May and Sheppard and the revived glory of Compton, see the great Lindwall bowling and the great Miller batting for the last time, even see Lock and Laker spin Australia to defeat, provided, of course, we did NOT ask anyone for an autograph, did NOT leave the ground except between the hours of 1 p.m. and 2 p.m. and did NOT make "unnecessary noises, use wireless sets or cause confusion of any kind." But within 20 minutes that chance was drowned.

Some of us stuck it out for a time in the open, with newspapers over our heads, blankly staring at the lake which had once been a pitch. Others huddled for shelter behind the stands, munching indifferently at sandwiches and staring blankly at the sky. Still others, for whom there was no shelter, stared blankly at the rollers or went behind the pavilion to stare blankly at the players' entrance. But by and by, as the rain persisted, more and more who had queued two hours to get in now joined another queue to get out. Then, suddenly, long after the official announcement that there would be No Play Today, the rain stopped, the sun sparkled on the water and lit the richness of the grass and, except for the groundsmen mopping up the pitch and the ground staff sweeping up soggy *Daily Mirrors*, there was no one in the Oval except me.

I sat in the sunshine, staring with pleasurable vacancy at the green, remembering that this ground, however unwelcoming it might be, had yet provided some of the greatest moments in cricket history and that I had missed nearly all of them. Because I was not then born, I did not see the young Wilfred Rhodes come down those pavilion steps, last man in with fifteen wanted, in the final test against Australia in 1902. Because the gates were shut against me, I did not see the old Wilfred Rhodes bowl the Ashes back to England in 1926. Because, as an acting film critic, I had to leave the ground for a preview of a British comedy, I missed the moment when Hutton's team won the Ashes back again in 1953 after twenty years. But I did see Hutton's hundredth hundred and could still hear the exultant shout of "Here it is" almost before the ball had left the bat, when Hutton, with his score at 96, produced that cover drive which was four runs all the way.

This time another shout pierced the summer stillness. A small boy, wandering from nowhere, had put a foot on to the Oval turf; and on the instant, from the fastness of the pavilion, a voice boomed through the loudspeaker: "Kindly keep off the grass. Yes, I mean you." The boy withdrew his foot and disappeared; and for a time I could think no more of Hutton, but only of Big Brother, waiting there, lips to his microphone, poised to pounce. But soon the eddies of sound rippled away, stillness settled once more, and I saw again Bradman's last innings, of only two balls; the last partnership of Holmes and Sutcliffe, of only seven runs; the last Test innings of Hobbs and his long, sad walk to the pavilion, fumbling with his gloves and dropping them as he went. In the lazy, mellow sunshine I dreamed that I myself had once taken that walk while misty-eyed thousands cheered me home when a sharp voice behind me said: "Do you want to be shut in? They've closed the Vauxhall gate and there's nobody left but staff. You'd better go." The grass was still green and the sun was still bright; but I went. At the Oval one may not bet. One may not take photographs. And one may not dream. It causes confusion.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Arts and Entertainment

Edinburgh 1956

If so far this hasn't seemed a vintage year at Edinburgh, blame partly the weather: dank skies and slobbering pavements make a sad frame for any festival. From time to time we are whirled out of the murk by Great Art, that most efficient air hostess, but the exhilaration wears off: when we emerge from the Usher Hall it is still raining. A drink, we murmur, but are promptly baulked by the licensing laws. Like the initiates in *The Magic Flute*, we must endure the trial of water—a splendid discipline, no doubt, but in no way festive.

Oedipus is our catchword; whether by accident or design, the grim old myth bobs up everywhere. A film has already been shown of Canadian Stratford's Sophoclean production, which is due to arrive in flesh and blood at the Assembly Hall during the final week. On the fringe, as we say, Cocteau's *Machine Infernale* has been enterprisingly staged by the University of Aberdeen, while the Hamburg State Opera presents, as the main item of a Stravinsky-Abend, the dry but decidedly impressive opera-oratorio which Cocteau and Stravinsky devised from the legend some thirty years ago. Since *Oedipus Rex* consists of a series of static tableaux, it is surprising that theatrical performance should add anything to its effect; but it does. What we see, brilliantly directed by Günther Rennert in the sombre setting of Teo Otto, is not so much drama or opera as religious ritual. The three principals—Oedipus, Creon and Jocasta—stand exposed on a high platform-altar, sternly masked and taloned, each in front of a massive, rough-cast pillar which also serves for entrance and exit; below, the chorus forms a square, stony hedge; and upon this compact and almost motionless pattern the pitiless blows of fate begin to fall. The spectacle is grandly appropriate. Expecting little in the way of action or movement, we are proportionately stirred when the long-held hieratic poses disintegrate and resolve into a fresh visual composition; for example, at the slow exit of Jocasta, although this involves no more than a slow turn sideways, a few halting steps and a dreadful folding of metallic hands across the throat. The only dubious item in a brilliant presentation is that which is taken over unchanged from the author's expressed intentions, namely the use of a narrator in white tie and tails; his periodical incursions suggest the compère of an intimate revue.

In the music there are some pages which, like the narrator, now seem only fossilised 1927; but most of the score retains its cold strength, creating an implacable world strangely in keeping with Cocteau's Latinised text. Leopold Ludwig conducted with evident understanding of the music's character, though the timbres and rhythms which it requires come less easily to German than to French or American players. The outstanding members of a distinguished cast were the Jocasta of Maria von Ilosvay and the Tiresias of Arnold van Mill; but on the first night we had *Oedipus* without the King. Helmut Melchert showed by his spare gestures and by some highly expressive inflections that he had a secure grasp of the role; but a bad (? Edinburgh) cold made him almost incapable of singing it. Except for the pointless break between the two "acts", which seemed exactly like a stage hitch, this was the only drawback to a memorable performance. But the evening tailed off sadly with *Mavra*, a trivial little opera buffa of 1922, prettily decorated (again by Teo Otto), poorly sung, and acted in the rough and tumble style of a battalion concert party.

Besides *The Magic Flute* and a *Salome* which is still to come, Hamburg brought us another quasi-novelty in *The Barber of Baghdad* by Peter Cornelius. Cornelius was a Wagner disciple who wisely did not attempt to impose a Wagnerian scheme on his gentle, lyrical muse; his *Barber* (1858) suggests a Schumann whose texture has felt the aerating influence of Berlioz. Extremely deft in workmanship and orchestration, it is thought by all Germans and by some musicians from other countries to be a neglected masterpiece of comic opera. On the stage, however, its lack of both musical and dramatic verve becomes too apparent, and the general effect is that of a moderately jolly charade. In Act I we have to be content with the single joke of the barber's interminable loquacity; Act II brings a fresh joke—a lover shut up in a box and discovered apparently dead. Ah, say *Barber* addicts, but, when well acted and well sung, the little work can be delicious; to which I can only reply that I once saw it with Elisabeth Schumann as the heroine and Richard Mayr as the Barber, and that even then it scored no more than a minor success. Still, there are charming episodes in the score, such as the scene of the muezzin and the duet for the lovers in Act II; and the Hamburg performance, though weak on the female side, was neatly turned under Albert Bittner; it was moreover exceptionally strong in its two male principals, the clear-toned and personable tenor hero of Sandor Konya and the imposingly sonorous, smooth and reasonably funny Barber of Arnold van Mill.

Orchestrally, the first week was dominated by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, the second by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under its regular conductor, Charles Munch, and that genial veteran, Pierre Monteux. At the moment of writing, the latter has yet to give his first concert; but there has already been an interesting opportunity to compare British and Franco-American styles in both the classical and the romantic repertory. As an interpreter of Viennese Symphony, Sir Thomas scored an easy victory. He made Schubert's little No. 6 in C major seem almost a masterpiece by the rhythmic spontaneity and the lightly caressing touch with which he handled it; whereas Munch treated Haydn's No. 102 in B flat, a far greater work, as a mere precision showpiece, not caring how often the weight of violin tone might reduce the flute to inaudibility, and phrasing the sinuous curves of the Adagio with streamlined efficiency. This is the kind of playing, though brilliant in attack and sumptuous in sheer tonal quality, which sometimes disappoints us in the performances of the crack American orchestras. But how wonderful they can be at their best. Their opening concert ended with a *Sorcerer's Apprentice* which blazed and crackled with virtuosity, and there was also much superb playing in Strauss's *Don Juan*, though here the conductor's conception of the music lacked authority and tenderness. Beecham, at one of his concerts, gave a *Don Quixote* which penetrated to the heart of the marvellous score and was yet sadly unkempt in detail; one longed, in Strauss, to combine the virtues of the two orchestras. But what orchestra in the world could surpass the Royal Philharmonic's playing, under Sir Thomas, of the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius or Delius's *In a Summer Garden*?

A pleasant, and surprising, feature of the programmes has been the appearance of the 79-year-old Dohnanyi both as pianist and composer. With the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Ian Whyte he gave a delightfully relaxed and easy performance of his popular *Variations*; more significant was the Piano Quintet in E flat minor which he played at one of the morning concerts with the New Edinburgh Quartet. Though written in a near-Brahmsian vein which was already anachronistic in 1919, the work can now be seen as a valuable addition to the small number of good piano quintets; its material is attractive and its structure both original and notably successful, with thematic recurrences which come off and do not merely suggest a tiring invention.

Some leading Edinburgh attractions which I

have not yet mentioned—among them the superb Braque show, the new Bartok ballet and *Under Milk Wood*—will soon be visible in London and can therefore await discussion by my colleagues. Of the Canadian and Italian theatrical troupes, and of the new music performed during the Festival, I hope to offer some account next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Sweet Thames, Run Softly Past Baker Street

As a Londoner I am constantly enthralled by the picture of London communicated to us not only by Hollywood but by Wardour Street. *23 Paces to Baker Street* (Rialto) starts dramatically with a camera sweep of the river at Charing Cross. This is the view from a famous American playwright's balcony; but he can only guess it, being blind. The other end of his flat gives on to Portman Square, so that it is, you realise, roomy. We don't ever see him make the arduous journey from balcony to front door, and goodness knows what dramas may lie between: we are only concerned with one drama that begins in the pub across the road (i.e. just off Baker Street), where he has the habit of dropping in. He hears a disturbing conversation the other side of a partition; murder and kidnapping are hinted at, and hurrying back through his flat to the riverside he proceeds to retail it word by word into his dictaphone. What a memory you must have, say the men from Scotland Yard. Pooh, says he, I never forget a dialogue, I'm a dramatist. But he (Van Johnson) and his male secretary (Cecil Parker) and his girl from the days when he could see (Vera Miles) have to do quite a bit of police work on their own before officialdom will move.

It is a quite enjoyable if stereotyped thriller. Some ingenious uses are made of blindness—the accent on scent and the roamings about a blitzed house with only three walls—and some stalely sentimental. Are blind faces expressionless, too ready to smile? Not this one's. It bears a look of excruciated puzzlement, intended no doubt to remind us of its wearer's disability; and of course he has a chip on his shoulder—what hero, nowadays, hasn't? However, there's the geography, some comedy with Cecil Parker's unwontedly sleuthing, and the sounds from the river.

London again plays a large part in *D-Day the Sixth of June* (Carlton), war-time London with balloons, sirens, American restaurants, the Home Guard, and a British Lieut.-Colonel (Richard Todd) and an American Captain (Robert Taylor) in love with a Brigadier's daughter. Two men "stand together (I am quoting from the synopsis) as their assault craft moves swiftly towards the Normandy beaches, and both men's thought turn to the same girl." Of course. How else are wars won? And what sort of war would it be if, in this exploit "from which many will not return", both were killed or neither. As a matter of fact, war doesn't do its bit as it should, sparing both, so that the Lieut.-Colonel has to wander off and find a land-mine to step on, or the film would have to wait for another war—in Korea, perhaps. It waits rather long as it is, and the landing and silencing of the fortified Germans is not as convincing as it might be. There are strange silences, when no doubt the Germans are thinking of their girls, too. The strain on a Brigadier's daughter in the Red Cross is played with sweet earnestness by Dana Wynter.

War more or less to the taste of all is enjoyed in *Bandido* (Gaumont). Robert Mitchum slouches into a Mexico ablaze with revolt in 1916, and from the balcony of his hotel tosses hand grenades into the square between drinks. To the hotel comes a beautiful wife discontented with her husband for whom arms deals must come first. What more could a man want—war, whisky, and the right woman, too? So he snatches her off an armoured train, bats his eyelid at her, has a grenade in his pocket ready to blast his way out of prison when he's due to be shot, and this little war obliges by disposing of the husband. But what the Mexicans were up to, or who was fighting whom, we never know, or perhaps care.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Murrow, Thomas, Sartre

I WAS writing recently on the exchange of radio and television programmes between this country and the United States, and particularly of the many admirable American TV programmes one would like to see on the screen here. One of these, or at any rate the first half of it—the second is to be seen in September—appeared on BBC television last week: *Report from Africa*, produced by Mr. Ed. Murrow and Mr. Fred W. Friendly. This is a programme from Mr. Murrow's regular series *See It Now*, in which he and his colleagues report on the background to the news, both international and American. Mr. Murrow remains the great master of television journalism: *Report from Africa* was very impressive indeed. Of its kind I have seen nothing better. It had sobriety and solidity; it was packed with information; one was aware all the time of the research behind it and the care that had gone to its making. And—as important as any of these qualities—it was always good to look at: it made its points visually.

I missed the programme when it was put on in America some four or five months ago, but it was impossible to miss the interest it aroused. To some parts of the programme normal American reactions, I imagine, differed from English. One American friend commented to me with surprise at the appearance of the Governor of Kenya addressing an audience of Africans. There he was, raised above the crowd, in full panoply, plumed hat and all, literally talking down. My friend was shocked, at any rate initially: at first sight, here was the traditional American image

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of British imperialism. He was disturbed, too, by the glib confessions of the captured Mau Mau as they were interrogated by a white official. So was I. Whether with reason or not, it reminded one of too many other confessions, in Russia, in China and in the United States, to give one any feeling of comfort or confidence.

This is no criticism of the programme. Indeed, it is a sort of tribute to it. Mr. Murrow and his colleagues struck one the whole time as being scrupulously fair, as objective as it was possible to be. If there was no statement of the case for *apartheid* that was because no representative of the South African Government would consent to be interviewed. Whatever the merits of the case may be, its results in human terms were most movingly pictured. But here it was Father Huddlestone who stole the programme. All in all, *Report from Africa* was a most exciting and enlarging programme; rich in contrast—that between the scenes in the Belgian Congo, for instance, and the comic and somewhat sinister formalities of official life in Liberia; and as disturbing as the subject warranted.

Whether Mr. Robert Reid's introduction and explanation were necessary I am not sure: I would have thought the programme spoke magnificently for itself. Certainly at the end it was good to see and hear Mr. Murrow's reporter, Mr. Alex Kendrick, in the studio describing the making of the programme. On the whole, it seems to me introductions are unwise. Mr. Vaughan Thomas's introduction to the television presentation of the stage-production of *Under Milk Wood* from the Edinburgh Festival was disastrous. It was almost toe-curlingly vulgar adulation of the poet of just the kind that is putting so many people off his work, very reasonably too, if they do not know the work beforehand. As for *Under Milk Wood* itself, I was confirmed in my impression that here we have a minor masterpiece, one of the most delightful works of the past quarter-century. The production was another matter. It seemed to me ingenious in an unimaginative way. But criticism is probably unfair. One wasn't seeing the play in the theatre, and we were never at any time allowed to see the stage as a whole. If I have to see *Under Milk Wood* rather than simply hear it, I would rather see an adaptation made specifically for television than what we were shown the other night. I did not, in fact, find the presence of the actors added anything to the work. They seemed to me to be mostly on the verge of degenerating into so many not very distinguished comic turns. I am sure Thomas did not intend Polly Garter to be nearly so "nice" as Miss Diana Maddox played her. The exception was Mr. T. H. Evans's the Rev. Eli Jenkins: this was the real thing. But, judging by the presentation from Edinburgh, I should be perfectly content if *Under Milk Wood* remained disembodied.

It is perhaps naive of me not to have considered before the possibility of M. Sartre's possessing the comic spirit. What a consistently funny play his *Nekrassov* is! It was admirably done the other evening in the Third, and one had the sense throughout that the players were relishing the lines the dramatist had put into their mouths. This intellectual farce, as I suppose one must call it, is surely the best satirical play on politics we have had for years. It was full of amusing invention, and for all the real point of its implied comment on the situation of our times, it was wonderfully light-hearted. It gave me unalloyed pleasure.

WILLIAM SALTER

"The Young and the Beautiful," at the Arts

I do hope that the Arts is not going to specialise in "sweet" American plays. For *The Young and the Beautiful* is, in its appeal, a sweet play even if lost somewhere in it is something more truthful and sour. What the audience laughs with is the affectedness of the little seventeen-year-old flirt twisting round her finger the rich boys of Chicago in 1915. What it doesn't bring home to us is the desolation at the heart of her predicament. The failure is more than one person's. Miss Sally Benson, who has adapted the play from a sequence of stories by Scott Fitzgerald (without any acknowledgment in the Arts programme) has put the fact there: the girl really falls at last for an older young man, a hero, a member of the Lafayette Squadron, but she finds, when he responds, that she loses her feelings at once: *coquetterie* is in fact a form of frigidity. The point is there, but is hardly made; it doesn't hit us as the crisis should. It could have been more of one if Miss Lois Smith, the American actress, playing the part, had taken more care to establish it. Her performance is skilful and decorative; the angularity of the adolescent and the affectedness of the flirt are on show. What is concealed until it is too late is any sign of human vulnerability; we have never believed in her girl as a person and, told that she is wounded to the heart, we remain disbelieving. This heart-cry seems to be only another of her antics and by half-way through we are frankly bored with those. A good supporting cast and one excellent artificial performance by Mr. Brian Bedford. Mr. Fred Sadoff produces with a nicely discreet sense of the period.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

THE SUEZ CRISIS

SIR,—There is surely no parallel, *pace* Mr. Harcourt-Smith, between the Baldwin-Chamberlain governments' connivance at covenant-breaking aggressions and your protests against the avowed intention of the Eden government to commit charter-breaking aggression against Egypt if it does not get its way over the Suez Canal?

The Charter prohibits resort to force except (a) with the authorisation of the Security Council and (b) in self-defence against "armed attack," when the matter must be immediately reported to the Security Council.

Sabre-rattling, besides being contrary to the Charter, is supremely foolish today, when the two sides are divided mainly by the difference between *contrôle* and "control." *Contrôle*, in French and in international parlance generally, means verification, checking; hence inspection, advice, supervision. "Control," in English, means operation, management, the power to take decisions on behalf of whom or what is controlled.

Hence Colonel Nasser's acceptance of "*un contrôle international*" for the Suez Canal, in the sense of the Indian four-power plan, and his rejection of "international control" as proposed in the Dulles 18-power plan. But he has also declared that he is willing to revise the 1888 Convention and bring the revised Convention into relation with the United Nations. He has pointed out that Egypt has a major national interest in the proper working and development of the Canal. It would in fact be possible to revise the Convention on lines that would scrupulously respect "*contrôle international*" in form, while providing "international control" in substance, and would be acceptable to both sides because it safeguarded their legitimate interests and saved face all round. The revised Convention should (1) be open for all members of the United Nations to sign; (2) impose the duty to close the Canal against the shipping of any state declared an aggressor by the Security Council, but to keep it open for all states in all other circumstances; (3) accept the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court for disputes on questions of law or fact arising out of the interpretation of the Convention; (4) provide for a permanent Suez Canal Board composed not of national representatives but of experts selected for their personal qualifications and appointed by the U.N. Social and Economic Council to give technical advice and assistance to the Egyptian government in the discharge of its obligations under the Convention concerning the operation, maintenance and development of the Canal. This technical advisory board should have an Egyptian president and it should report regularly to the Social and Economic Council and, through that, to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

The fact that the board was advisory and "expert", i.e., non-governmental, in status, that its functions were "technical", that it had an Egyptian president and that the whole thing had been worked out through the United Nations with the participation of India, the Soviet Union and Egypt herself, would incline the Egyptian government to accord it important attributes in the Convention and to allow it even wider powers in practice.

A Suez Canal settlement on these lines should be part and parcel of a comprehensive Middle East settlement, linking the Suez Canal with the Aswan Dam, and taking in economic development and access to oil, Arab-Israeli peace, international control of the traffic in arms and the revision of the Montreux Convention concerning the Dardanelles. Ultimately it would be necessary to substitute a Middle Eastern regional agreement based on the Charter.

K. ZILLIACUS

39 Clifton Gardens, W.9.

MIDDLE EAST OIL

SIR,—Your article, "The Coming Crisis in Oil", was interesting and objective until it reached an astonishing conclusion.

It may turn out to be true "that an ever-increasing proportion of our oil will be transported by the anachronistic Cape route." If this puts up the price of oil in Europe, the writer says somewhat sadistically, "Britain will suffer most of all and *deservedly* so." "Deservedly" because of "our apparent unwillingness to seek friendly agreement with the Arab peoples." This is a sweeping statement. Unhappily Anglo-Arab relations have to contend with a formidable obstacle: the part we played in creating a Jewish state out of Arab territory and the support we have given it.

It would be more helpful if left-wing enthusiasts could tell us how to resolve this dilemma than to make unsupported criticisms of British policy in the Middle East, for which both political parties must bear responsibility.

L. J. CADBURY

The Davids, Northfield, Birmingham, 31.

PRITCHETT AND KOESTLER

SIR,—In your issue of August 18, Mr. Pritchett reviewed Mr. John Atkins' book on me. The book itself was dismissed in ten lines; the remaining two hundred and fifty-two lines were devoted to an agonised reappraisal of my record. I quote:

"... he has always been able to clank around with a noisy tin can collection of psychological, political, scientific and philosophical jargon; he is compulsive in turning ordinary thought into abstract ironmongery and simple experience into pretentious myth. This is all circus stuff and showing off.... But Koestler's experience and manner of describing it played the important part of making us, for a few years, adoptive continentals. He and Orwell took the places left empty in English polemical writing by Wells and Shaw. *Darkness at Noon* was the most influential political book in the world until *Animal Farm*."

What puzzled me in this passage (and in the rest of his article) is the lack of Mr. Pritchett's habitual sense of proportion: his exaggerated estimate both of the influence of my work and the human failings of its author. A mountain may give birth to a mouse, but the process is not reversible; and one fails to see how the circus antics of that pathetic rodent could turn Englishmen into "adoptive continentals."

The paradox originates, I believe, in Mr. Pritchett's ambivalent attitude to "continental" influences, expressed in a kind of Orwell-Koestler complex: "There is... the gulf between continental and English experience.... What book could we put beside *Darkness at Noon*? *Nineteen Eighty Four*..." And again: "... while we have never lacked indignant men and consciences in upheaval, we did in the Thirties lack people who had any notion of the continental experience. Koestler ... attacked the English intellectuals on this account, many times.... We lost all the first battles to him, but not the last."

In short, Mr. Pritchett disliked being frightened by *Darkness at Noon* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, but was honest enough to be frightened; hence the mixture of extravagant admiration and resentment. His

attitude is not exceptional among English men of letters; nobody likes to be woken up and told that his island has become part of the mainland, where people suffering from absolutitis sit around all day in cafés and concentration camps.

Two further points: Mr. Pritchett has either misunderstood or misrepresented the main intent of my writing ("He must be either/or . . . he saw things dramatically in pairs . . . you are a Yogi or a Commissar, you have insight or you look outward"). He obviously confuses "thinking in pairs of opposites" with thinking in black and white; he twists the quest for a synthesis between the contemplative and active attitudes into an ultimatum, by changing "the Yogi *and* the Commissar" into "A Yogi *or* a Commissar", etc. It is amazing what the substitution of an "or" for an "and" can do. But since the texts are on record there is no need to go into details.

Lastly, I am puzzled by Mr. Pritchett's reaction to my "announced retirement from political controversy" (in the preface to *The Trail of the Dinosaur*). After casting doubt on the sincerity of this retirement, Mr. Pritchett comments: ". . . a pilgrimage which, in the manner of pilgrimages has something of the circus in it, has ended. As usual his timing has been perfect; born journalists cut their losses quickly." First, as to "quickly"; I am fifty, and I have been involved in this controversy for twenty-five years. Secondly, the timing of my "retirement" was 1955, between Stalin's death and the event which some French newspapers called "Krushchev's Darkness at Noon speech", when all but the incurable had been cured of their illusions, including Mr. Pritchett's colleagues on the *New Statesman*. If Mr. Pritchett believes that my books were instrumental to that cure, I fail to understand his jeering remark about "journalists who cut their losses quickly"; but I suspect that this is the point where ambivalence turns into impertinence.

ARTHUR KOESTLER

London, S.W.7.

POPISH PLOTTERS

SIR,—Trevor-Roper is bored by Popish writers. We are not bored by him. For on the rather frequent occasions when he tries to make fun of our religion, he sets us the amusing week-end competition of spotting the first howler. We seldom have to read far. In his review of *The Life of Robert Southwell* he comes down in the second paragraph, writing that it was the policy of the Jesuits in the sixteenth century to "build up" in Protestant countries "by missionary work an essential nucleus of" among other things "inquisitors."

The Inquisition was, and is, a court composed of ecclesiastics appointed as experts in Canon Law and Dogmatic Theology. Does Mr. Trevor-Roper really believe that Southwell and his followers, in their flittings from manor to manor, were engaged in the training of clerical lawyers? It is possible that some of the missionaries themselves were qualified to sit on such a court, but it may surprise Mr. Trevor-Roper to learn that St. Ignatius expressly forbade Jesuits to do so and his successors maintained the prohibition. (They were, of course, permitted to minister to the victims of the Inquisition in prison and on the scaffold, as to all persons who fell foul of the law.)

Mr. Trevor-Roper complains that Jesuit historians are "puffed" by "convert-novelists." Does he, I wonder, feel the lack of support of a loyal body of apostate-novelists? I cannot suggest anyone who quite fills his need but I can recommend a highly enjoyable Protestant novel, *Father Eustace*, by Mrs. Trollope, which he should find entirely sympathetic both to his theology and his history.

Stinchcombe. EVELYN WAUGH

SIR,—It is with extreme diffidence that I venture to criticise the article "Twice Martyred" in your current issue, because I know the distinguished contributor is a don whose learning surpasses mine. Nevertheless, his prejudice and bias are so obvious that I am emboldened to write a few lines in reply.

As I am not a Churchman, I have no axe to grind and view the matter in question impartially.

The Jesuit visitors to England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I may have been a misguided lot, indeed I think they were, but they were certainly not the criminals and traitors that Mr. Trevor-Roper would like us to believe. They came on a dangerous mission for the sole purpose of winning back some inhabitants of these islands from the new form of Christianity to the older one. None of them could have been accused of treason, much less convicted of that offence. Indeed, their briefing on the Continent included instructions never to say a word against the Queen and even to encourage loyalty to her. This may well have been hard for them since many must have doubted the validity of her father's divorce and therefore whether she had any right to be queen at all. Mr. Trevor-Roper remarks blithely "They sent the priests to the scaffold . . . ; we send their biographies to oblivion. . . ." It was, however, not as simple as this. The priests had to endure weeks, if not months, of atrocious torture in the hopes that they might betray the names and whereabouts of other priests in England and finally had to undergo the awful ritual of being hung, drawn and quartered.

Queen Elizabeth never once showed any mercy to these unhappy crusaders. Indeed, she liked to regard herself as a sort of Pope of the Established Church and the preposterous pretentions of this raddled hag are best illustrated by her oft-quoted letter to Bishop Cox of Ely: "Proud prelate, Do thou my bidding or, by God, I will unfrock thee—Elizabeth R".

GERALD HAMILTON

9a Ovington Square, S.W.3.

AUTOMATION ECONOMICS

SIR,—No doubt if Mr. Einzig had been reviewing his own book on the *Economic Consequences of Automation* he would have written a different review from mine. His review of my review, however, leaves much to be desired. I made no "cocksure assumption" that automation is bound to be a slow process, but cited Mr. Macmillan's careful and qualified statement to try to put recent tendencies in their proper perspective. I did not choose a seventeenth-century pressure cooker as anything more than an interesting historical example; if Mr. Einzig will go back to my review he will see that this example is given no more than a passing reference. I did not give Mr. Einzig grudging credit for making a valid point (that automation will have different effects in expanding and contracting economies), but gave him what I believe is fair credit; in my view, he overestimates his own originality. I quite deliberately chose the phrase "catalogues of economic causes and effects," to which Mr. Einzig chooses to draw further attention. His book is characterised by long lists of numbered causes and consequences, sometimes placed in a far from logical order and on other occasions given no relative weights. Finally, I am entitled to comment that his book will be "useful in stimulating thought" if it is read in conjunction with other books and treated critically while at the same time it will be liable to "stop people from thinking" if its apparently comprehensive catalogues are taken for exhaustive summaries. I hope that people will read Mr. Einzig's book and make up their own minds, but I remain sceptical as to whether there is such a subject as Automation Economics with capital letters. There are certainly economic causes and consequences of automation, but the less we dress up these problems in fancy clothes the better.

The University, ASA BRIGGS
Leeds.

BERLINER ENSEMBLE

SIR,—It seems to me that Mr. Worsley is making a dangerously wrong emphasis when he claims that Brecht regarded the theatre as a place of instruction while we regard it as a place of amusement. This is a false polarity and can only confuse. The trouble is that Shaw was serious when he asked that we look on the theatre as a sort of Church. In the Church is found a right tension between æsthetic pleasure and instruction, i.e., between ritual and the Word. If our theatre could so express itself now we might come nearer to an understanding of man's nature as revealed in the tragic encounter—an experience denied us since Elizabethan days.

Mr. Worsley appears to be aware that the challenge

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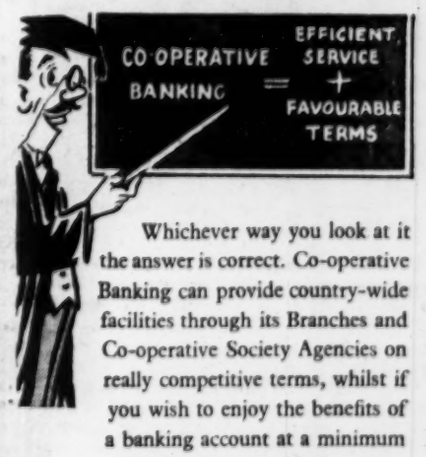

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to English pro-Brechtians is that it is illogical to affirm their æsthetics without an acceptance of their doctrine of man, for the two are organically linked.

What he does not seem to be aware of is that the pathos of our present position in the English theatre is that we do not in our writings project *any* view of man, as Brecht does, or in a profounder way, Arthur Miller. Regretfully, my suspicion is that our critics are going to laud the techniques and challenge us to so exercise our gifts, assuring us that we don't need to take up the Marxist measure of man in the bye-going. Thus we will miss the one lesson the Berliner Ensemble has for us—that only when you courageously claim you have some revelation of man's condition dare you hope to forge a living theatre. It is their holistic view of drama that makes them lively, not their revolving stage. We have a lot to learn from them, but do we know what to look for?—that is the question.

19 Alderney Street, S.W.1. IAN DALLAS

THE TREATMENT OF MURDERERS

SIR,—In our argument with Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington on the treatment of murderers, one point can be cleared out of the way quickly:—the most dangerous psychopaths, i.e., the very few who commit murder, already receive an indeterminate sentence, and it will be possible to transfer them to the East Hubert Psychiatric Institution without difficulty. That disposes of the treatment of murderers which was the subject of their original article.

Turning to the much wider subject of the treatment of psychopaths, they propose that *all* psychopaths should get indefinite sentences. One of us has just returned from a two-weeks' conference of experts held at Geneva under the auspices of the United Nations, to consider the treatment of abnormal offenders. The experts—leading lawyers and psychiatrists—found themselves unable to define mental abnormality and specifically said so in their final conclusions. Nor are there any accurate and scientific criteria to define psychopathic personality. It is not possible in the present state of our knowledge to draft legislation in a way which would clearly define an indefinable category of abnormal people who, at one end of the scale, merge imperceptibly into the "normal", and at the other, into the insane.

The reason why many continental countries have special legislation is that their criminal procedure differs fundamentally from our own. They are, in fact, unable to treat abnormal offenders in a special way *unless* they have special legislation, however clumsy and inadequate. They fully recognise that it may lead to injustice; and since we do not have a rigid criminal code but extremely flexible sentencing methods, we do not need to copy their system.

There is some danger of making all psychopathic offenders into special bogymen. Very many of them are inadequate personalities, a nuisance rather than a danger to society. We do not need to lock them away indefinitely. We do need to understand and to some extent to tolerate them. If they get into trouble, they need a supportive regime but not necessarily medical treatment which, in practice, is often quite ineffective. The East Hubert Psychiatric Institution will not, as Playfair and Sington rightly point out, be able to deal with all psychopaths who are in prison. But all those who constitute a danger—murderers and those who commit serious offences, and therefore receive long sentences—could be treated there, and we believe that the facilities may well turn out to be in advance of any that exist elsewhere.

HUGH J. KLARE
C. H. ROLPH

The Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions, S.W.1.

THE THIRD PARTY

SIR,—All the political omens support the contention that discontent with the present political situation is rife, even in Tory strongholds, and the number of floating voters steadily increasing. Inevitably, in a nation so fundamentally liberal as Britain, and with so large a leavening of radical dissenters and free-thinkers, the demand is being heard for a third party in the House of Commons to oppose the "gigantic errors" of foreign policy for which the Conservatives and Socialists have been equally responsible. While majority opinion undoubtedly supports the present government's changed attitude towards what used to be denounced as Russian "peace offensives", an equally large majority would probably be found in favour of a drastic cut in the rearmaments programme, the winding-up of Nato, the repatriation of the American air force, the abolition of trade restrictions, a new deal for Cyprus and Kenya—and, with it, the end of colonialism—a general remoralisation of politics and a return to free discussion in the press and on the radio. The only obstacle in the way of developing this third party is the small and rather pathetic group of reactionary diehards who control the Liberal Party machine, trade on its historic name and have, so far, refused to be dislodged. As new parties so rarely succeed, it may be that the only hope for voters who have no respect for the sacred cows of Transport House and the Carlton Club is to find leaders bold enough to storm the Liberal headquarters and take over command.

In 1947, when Mr. Clement Davies and his friends repudiated Roosevelt and announced their adherence to the bi-partisan war policy of Bevin and Churchill, they performed a neat act of self-decapitation by severing the ageing Liberal head from the robust radical body. Instead of making the rump of the Parliamentary Liberal Party the nucleus of an active opposition which would rapidly have grown in strength, they reduced the party to a mere splinter group and thereby created the dangerous political vacuum which now exists. The immediate result of their betrayal of the radical rank-and-file was the long and unbroken succession of forfeited deposits which automatically followed. Having thus cut the party adrift from its potential supporters, they then proceeded to gag them. In October, 1949, to give an example, I sent a letter to the *Liberal News*, which had invited comments on the electoral *débâcle*, stating the reasons for it which have now become too obvious to dispute. In his reply, the editor said: "After very careful consideration—in the course of which we even started preparing your letter for the printers—we have decided that we will not publish it. Criticism of our policy by Liberals is one of the strongest reasons for the existence of our Reader's Views columns, but although one may have every respect for your views, your argument is not impressive". He proceeded to dismiss the idea that *foreign policy* was at the back of "these appalling polls". This attitude, that "father knows best", has persisted ever since in Liberal circles and accounts for the fact that radical ideas have never been allowed much space in Liberal newspapers.

The truth is that a wave of liberalism is sweeping over the world, this country included. Politicians and political journalists who either ignore it, or attempt to explain it away, or think that they know better than the masses, are asking for shocks.

Deal. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

ARTILLERY RANGE

SIR,—The War Office is planning to use an artillery range near Trecastle, in Breconshire—the shells from which will not only scream over the A40 trunk road and the church at Llywel but also over the Roman Road and the land of about twenty farmers. If this happens, the War Office will have added a few more acres of beautiful country to the 29,000 it already occupies in the same county, and the effect on the nervous systems of the villagers, sheepdogs, cattle and horses will be incalculable. (Horses are commonly used in this vicinity as the land is too steep for tractors.)

Adding the defacement of Breconshire to that of South Uist and many other places, it seems as though appeals to "Higher Authority" are of little avail, and that it is high time for those who oppose such unwarrantable annexation of property and land by Government Departments to do more than appeal to such "Authority." I would suggest that organised groups demonstrate their displeasure by some form of non-violent resistance.

I see from one report that shelling will be stopped for weddings but not for funerals—perhaps one death more or less is of no consequence in the Orwellian fantasy of modern militarism!

CHARLES GRIFFITHS

Seabank Road,
Heswall, Cheshire.

POST HASTE

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION regularly reaches me before noon on Saturday. A letter from Beirut has never been known to take less than two days and four is usual despite the daily plane of Iraqi airways. Is this some unadvertised service, delivery by rocket?

Baghdad. THIRTY-YEARS-READER

WITNESSES IN LIMERICK

SIR,—As one practising Catholic to another, I would like to ask Mr. Maguire how the average Irish Catholic would react if the anti-Semitic Father Denis Fahey were beaten up by a mob of Jews and then bound over to keep the peace?

I do not know about the Wise-Dunning case in 1902. I do know (as an eye-witness) that when Mosleyites held provocative meetings in Jewish areas people who opposed them by less violent methods than those reported from Limerick got very short shrift from an Irish Catholic magistrate.

13, Gloucester Crescent, N.W.1. THOMAS WRIGHT

SIR,—When confronted on the doorstep by a loquacious lady Witness, my wife silenced her completely by saying: "We are all strict phagocytes here. Would you like some of *our* literature?"

4 Pembury Road, Westcliff, Essex. H. B. SEYMOUR

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French Books Supplement

THE FRENCH DEBATE

"EVERY sensible man", wrote A. J. P. Taylor, reviewing Alexander Werth's new book on France in these columns a month or two ago, "would choose to be a Frenchman if he could be born again." I realised with a shock when I read this that my idea of a sensible choice would be to opt again for England. I think the French are the salt of Europe and perhaps of the earth, but if God said, "What about being French this time?", my nerve would probably fail me. It is still so comfortable to be English, in spite of national diminution; and intellectual comfort, even if provisional and partly illusory, provides that cushion of gentle boredom on which the English head rests serene and dreams vegetably of higher things. But to be French, to be perpetually trying to define France, to be forever brandishing little bits of past history to prove that one is right to be what one is, to be constantly reassembling one's personality to throw it into the scrum of French intellectual life, to have to think about Maître Tixier Vignancour and Poujade rather than about Lady Docker, to hear your wife saying at breakfast, "*Il faut savoir se mettre à l'intérieur d'une volonté créatrice*" or your best friend asking you in a pub, "*Es-tu sûr d'avoir compris la thématique de la floralité chez Marivaux?*" . . . would not Mr. Taylor even, if it came to the point, go back to the gardens at Magdalen?

In putting it this way, I do not mean to behave like that well-known type, the Francophile gone sour in middle age. What attracted me to France in the first place was intellectualism and the scent of revolution. Food, wine, sex and *joie de vivre* generally are excellent things, of course, but they are only the infrastructure. Albert Camus, in his latest work, makes a character say that Parisians are only interested in ideas and fornication. It seems to me that they turn even fornication into an intellectual enjoyment. The adult realities of France are words and incipient civil war. To be fully and truly French is to be intellectually crucified —an interesting state, perhaps the only really human state, but not one for the sensible man.

You can date the crucifixion, as you like, from the Middle Ages, the Wars of Religion or the Revolution. Each additional crisis since 1789 has added a new crop of bitter, emotionally intellectualised, memories, for which there is no parallel in England. All possible human opposites seem to be constantly and intensely present in the French atmosphere. There is every blend of attitude from Believer Anti-Revolutionary and Non-Believer Revolutionary to Non-Believer Anti-Revolutionary and Believer Revolutionary. Naturally enough, the better you get to know France, the more complex the historical links appear. It took me, for instance, some time to feel how the Left Wing is both militaristic and anti-militaristic. One reason why the Communist myth is still so strong is that the Russian Revolution is thought of as the second act of the French Revolution and the advance of the Red Army westwards is likened to the spreading of the French armies eastwards; that is, the army itself can be an object of Left-Wing lyricism in the minds of those people who at the same time reject a certain form of French patriotism. Another curious fact is that the *ancien régime* and the Napoleonic era are far from being absolutely dead. If you lunch at the table of a Fourth Republic *préfet*, in a palace built by Napoleon III, and listen to the conversation between the local notables, you realise that the principle of authority and the problem of keeping order are thought of in a way that would seem archaic even in the Carlton Club. Perhaps the basic difference between the English and the French is that the English have digested their history and that the French have not. It is true that you can take any Englishman and suggest how, given his temperament and upbringing, the various strands of English history have been woven into him. It is true, also, that contradictions abound here; the Establishment finances attacks upon itself, rebellion is preached from the Albany, a dissident middle-class intellectual ends up as a Lord because he once identified himself with the proletariat, etc. But the mixture is always smoother than in France. There a man may be, at one and the same time, *vieille France* in origin, state-educated, a practising Catholic, an important official of the Republic, Voltairean in his wit and partly Rousseauistic in his sensibility, and vote Socialist. No doubt he also unconsciously makes the Maurassian distinction between *le pays réel*, which is France as he sees it, and *le pays légal*, which is France as it provisionally exists in the external world. Unless, as sometimes happens, the ironical tradition is very strong in him, he will tend to think *against*, instead of simply thinking, and so will indulge in that moral indignation which both sharpens and blunts French wits. Since most of his compatriots are like him, although different, a state of vibrant equilibrium is established, punctuated at intervals by dramatic events.

To show in any detail what the pattern of opinion is in journalism and literature at this particular moment would take volumes. Indeed, the volumes have already been written, on the whole tendentiously. Most of the necessary references can be found in *The State of France* by Herbert Lüthy, which gives a picture of France as seen by an anti-Communist, Swiss intellectual, thoroughly acquainted with all the French self-criticism of recent years, and in *France 1940-1955* by Alexander Werth, which, despite a blurb by Mendès-France, seems to be written in sympathy with a more Left-Wing, and fairly pro-Communist, section of French opinion. Lüthy is severe; he was disappointed by the failure of the European idea, he is understandably irritated by French intellectuals and —like so many foreigners obsessed with France —he would like to improve the country in certain respects so that his interest in it could be made entirely respectable. Werth, I think, goes too far in the opposite direction; to argue, as he does, that the French have succeeded since the war in carrying out a useful, anti-American delaying action in world politics comes very near to rationalising chaos after the event. But both Lüthy and Werth are talking about what is recognisably the same country; and it is characteristic of the infectiousness of the French debate that they should not remain detached, but should themselves become involved. If they were reborn French, Lüthy would be high-minded, like Thierry Maulnier, and Werth would be somewhere between Sartre and Claude Bourdet.

One can distinguish, roughly speaking, four groups of opinion—the Right, the Centre, the non-Communist Left and Communists plus fellow-travellers. Each of these groups shades off into the next, is criss-crossed by religious allegiances and is divided against itself. In recent years, the noisiest debate has centred on the Communist/non-Communist issue, which has produced floods of passionate and ingenious writing, and has at times been mixed up with sex and existentialism. Sartre, publishing tirelessly on this theme, has, I think, in the long run, only bedevilled the situation. He was involved in the Henri Martin affair connected with the Indo-Chinese War, in the David Rousset argument about Soviet concentration camps, in the quarrel with Camus about the supposedly reactionary nature of the latter's book, *L'Homme révolté*, in the dispute with Merleau-Ponty about the latter's interpretation of Marxism in *Les Aventures de la dialectique*, and in the controversy with Pierre Hervé after the publication of the latter's *La Révolution et ses fétiches*, a Communist attack on the French Communist Party; he was the original of one of the main characters in Simone de Beauvoir's *Les Mandarins*, a half-conscious criticism of the post-war intellectual milieu; he is the typical intellectual attacked in Raymond Aron's *L'Opium des intellectuels*; to crown all, he himself has written two plays which express almost completely opposite points of view: *Les Mains sales*, an excellent anti-Communist *pièce à thèse*, and *Nekrassov*, a not so good, anti-anti-Communist farce. Now this tremendous debate has been knocked on the head by the Krushchev report and Sartre, together with the French

BOOKS MENTIONED

HERBERT LÜTHY: *The State of France. Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

ALEXANDER WERTH: *France* 1940-1955. *Robert Hale.* 35*s.*

ALBERT CAMUS: *L'Homme Révolté. Gallimard.* 650*fr.*

M. MERLEAU-PONTY: *Les Aventures de la Dialectique. Gallimard.* 650*fr.*

PIERRE HERVÉ: *La Révolution et les Fétiches. La Table Ronde.* 520*fr.*

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: *Les Mandarins. Gallimard.* 900*fr.*

RAYMOND ARON: *L'Opium des Intellectuels. Calman Lévy.* 750*fr.*

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: *Les Mains Sales* and *Nekrassov. Gallimard.* 450*fr.* and 450*fr.*

Communist leaders, has been made to look rather silly. Sartre obviously considers himself to be in the great line of protesting intellectuals which runs from Voltaire, through Zola, to Gide and Mauriac, but unfortunately for some time past he has been unable to see the wood for the trees.

His confusions, so characteristic of the post-war period, make French intellectual life appear shabbier than it was when France was a genuine world power. The crucifixion is perhaps no longer quite so grand. As Simone de Beauvoir pointed out in one of the better passages of her novel, Paris is in danger of becoming a provincial town on a minor river. But, of course, there is much more to France than that area of argument known, rather erroneously, as "St.-Germain des Prés". There is, for instance, the Mendès-France movement, whose organ is *L'Express* and which represents the emergence of nationally minded capitalism—a new phenomenon in France—versed in English economics and American techniques. There are the Socialists who are trying hard to reassert themselves, now that the cross-currents of Parliament have given them a semblance of power; they have started a new weekly, *Demain*, which aims at being a genuinely revolutionary *Express*. The pro-American Right Wing is trying to hold its own; it recently attempted, without success, to launch a daily, *Le Temps de Paris*, which was meant to counteract the influence of *Le Monde*, the most serious and respected of French newspapers, although neutralist in tendency. In addition to Sartre's *Temps Modernes*, reviews of all shades of opinion from Catholic Left Wing to ex-Collaborationist—*Esprit*, *La Table Ronde*, *La Nouvelle Nouvelle Revue Française*, *La Pensée*, *Les Ecrits de Paris*, etc., keep the intellectual fires burning. It is one of the most endearing qualities of the French that their educated classes, although so deeply rooted in selfish middle-class-ness, will, at times, sacrifice everything on the altar of the spirit. General de Gaulle himself is, in this sense, a French intellectual. Even the peasant is not without the sharpness of the intellectual and the intellectual, at unexpected moments, exhibits the shrewdness of the peasant. In fact, even stupid people in France seem to exercise their stupidity so vigorously that it amounts to pseudo-intelligence.

You can say that all this—and much more that there is no space to mention—adds up not so much to a debate as a free-for-all. At the time of writing, the polemics raging around the North African question are putting a great strain on national unity and involving even *L'Express* in a blatant contradiction between nationalist sentiment and a liberal attitude towards Algeria. You may think, as some very able Frenchmen do, that the constant vibration of conflicting opinion is weakening all the joints of the state and that the future is sombre. On the other hand, you can point to the great rise in the birth-rate and the rapid modernisation of the country and argue that, if the sterile pro-Communist/anti-Communist quarrel is now drawing to a close, and the North African problem can be solved, France, with a more coherent Left Wing and perhaps under some form of presidential government, will move forward into a new phase, in which the intellectual vibration will be more positive. I have no idea how this is going to happen, but I have been struck recently, on reading several volumes of nineteenth-century memoirs, by the fact that the French themselves have often been too pessimistic about their prospects. In imagining both the worst and the best, they habitually go much further than we do, but then are not we born, very sensibly, two whiskies below par?

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

How the Same Half Lives on the Other Side

WHEN an English visitor left a group of French writers with the words: "I must go now, I have to get to the Ritz," the astonished reaction crystallised itself into the comment: "*Eh bien, voilà un truc tout à fait à vous.*" This gives a clue to some of the differences between French and English literary life and to the *mystique* which surrounds the "French Intellectual."

The French intellectuals are one of the most autonomous groups in Europe, not on the defensive but simply convinced that their work is the most interesting and their status the most honourable. Those who think on different lines are dismissed with "*Il n'y a pas de dialogue possible*," and where a French writer cannot talk his own language he, is not interested in the champagne. This is partly because they belong to a nationally respected profession: a working man will say of writing, "*C'est un beau métier*," and without that undertone heard in more puritan climes which implies: "That's an easy life, getting up late, no responsibilities, no regular hours." And partly because being an intellectual in France means a way of life: literature is not something special or separate, its practice involves the writer's whole thought and attitude—to politics, money, love and food. So money or social success and their symbols have little glamour in themselves and are not needed as signs of achievement: painters sometimes frequent their rich patrons, but the richest person the average writer knows is probably his publisher, and this is generally quite enough to confirm his Marxist and separatist tendencies. Since the educational system allows anyone of sufficient intelligence to become an intellectual, there is no feeling of the group being a renegade section of the bourgeoisie; it is your *formation*, not your background which counts. A "Normalien" is "different" and although everyone has a firm regard for academic distinction, a dogmatic, don-like rigidity will evoke: "*Evidemment, il n'est pas un de nous, c'est un universitaire!*" But the Sorbonne and the Collège de France are at the centre of Paris, and Paris is the centre of France: every French intellectual dreams of being there, where things are happening, above all, where they can all be together and talk (retreating to the country "to write" is the strange desire of very few). A charmingly unpuritanical phrase was used of someone who was more often in the cafés than at his desk: "*Finalement, il avait une grande œuvre orale.*" This explains why French intellectuals have always tended to frequent one particular district in Paris, a habit which gives a rhythm of spontaneity to their lives. There are fewer formal meetings, more "See you around *le quartier*." The cocktail party habit has gained little ground and writers are not summoned to parade themselves either because a hostess wants "an interesting mixture" or because a publisher wishes to show an American colleague that he actually knows a few of the awkward creatures. Since the Liberation, St.-Germain des Prés has been the centre, which does not mean that all the writers live there: most of the inhabitants are ageing bourgeois remnants from the days when the Boulevard St.-Germain meant something very different, who now only creep out on election days where they make a very odd showing indeed. But wherever they live, writers indefatigably turn up in *le quartier* and would seldom make an appointment anywhere else. The fact that the Deux Magots is as expensive as the Crillon Bar makes no difference and the foreigner who thinks of intellectuals as frequenting "interesting little places you have to know about" is sometimes rather taken aback at this arrangement. So great is the pull of *le quartier* that clandestine couples never seem to dream of going to the Right Bank or some such comparatively safe district, but meet in St.-Germain des Prés where they are stumbled over, half greeted, or politely ignored by all their friends.

How do they make their money? Roughly in the same way as writers anywhere else, and spend it in the same way, largely on food and drink. There are fewer adequate private incomes and probably about the same proportion of "jobs," in publishing, newspapers and magazines, radio and occasional film scripts; but the French writer working with the radio is perhaps less a glassy-eyed official, solidly linked to the highbrow section of the Corporation, than someone whose real status is gauged elsewhere and who just happens to be occasionally at odd telephone numbers. The situation of article writing is radically different. There is virtually no "highbrow journalism"; it is inconceivable for any serious writer to contribute to a publication whose politics are alien. France does not know the phenomenon of the liberal intellectual working for *Time & Life*, or the self-deprecating, self-styled "highbrow hack." There is absolute conviction that you can't shout the truth from the wrong window and, no matter what is said, it is automatically invalidated if it appears in, say, the *Figaro*. (This explains a great many political quarrels which in recent years have baffled onlookers by their apparent lack of logic.) But there are several admirable monthlies and weeklies where the writer writes at his own level, at his own length. The critic is not someone who evaluates six novels in six hundred words, and a person seen staggering along the Boulevard St.-Germain under a weight of books is not a reviewer with his new consignment, but someone who has been visiting a friend in a publisher's office and made off with as many free copies as possible. But perhaps the most typical local solution to the writer's financial problems is the happy discovery of "Sociology". France, which is only luke-warm to psychoanalysis, has espoused anthropology with fervour and in its broadest sense—the study of Man. It may be a coincidence that some of the most remarkable writing has been done recently by professional ethnologists, but many a simple intellectual, with a splendid disregard for the academic and scientific trappings beloved of the Anglo-Saxon anthropologist, receives a monthly allowance from the State-subsidised *Société Nationale des Recherches Scientifiques* to enable him to do a "paper" on any sociological subject he chooses: "Morality and the Cinema," "Marxism and Jazz," "The Significance of Women" *et al.* True, the money is not lavish, but the work is not hard, the research pleasantly coincides with one's daily life and the results are often fascinating: it is just that in the month of March a tendency can be detected to spruce up, to attend strange dinner-parties in the suburbs, accompanied by a reluctance to sign inflammatory manifestos. As one "researcher" broke down and explained: "I simply can't be revolutionary in March. If my contract is renewed on the 1st of April, everything will be normal again."

Publishing itself is a vast industry in the hands of a very few, very rich people. They don't really hate the written word, they are simply determined to make as much money out of it as possible, and if this means taking advantage of their writers' financial simplicity, well, that's that. Since intellectual prestige is a national asset, writers can influence the policy of their publisher as when Malraux forced *Les Temps Modernes* to move from Gallimard to Julliard because of his quarrels with Sartre, but this does not mean that they are allowed to see their royalty statements. For years Gallimard held pride of place, however much they disliked his contracts, because it was felt his imprimatur entailed more prestige, and indeed a

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great many of the most distinguished writers work in his office when they are not writing their books (although whichever way it goes, they always seem to be in debt). The average French writer's ineptitude on the financial aspect of his work would make the average English writer's hair stand on end. Claudel might scrutinise his accounts, but he belonged to the days of the early *NRF* when the Gallimard brothers were merely the business end of a writer's enterprise. Now the publisher is potentate and it seems to be part of the writer's pride not to demean himself by discussing finance with a financier. Perhaps this is also why agents seem to play so small a role. Probably the rising cost of living and the common sense of the increasing number of women writers will change this situation and there are signs that the Gallimard empire is threatened: but at the moment, a French publisher automatically takes 50 per cent. of *all* secondary rights—translations, films, radio, etc.—a picture which transforms the English publisher, battling for his 10 per cent. cut, into a poor man's capitalist.

With a similar book, the English writer probably makes more money and certainly gets a bigger advance. The sales in France may be slightly higher, but with an average royalty at 10 per cent. (as against 12½ per cent. here) this is not a great advantage.

The theatrical situation is all to the French advantage. The big money is naturally made by the "middlebrow" playwrights of whom Anouilh is probably the best known here, but there are a quantity of small theatres which are prepared to put on new or experimental plays, many of which are transferred to larger theatres later. The cost of mounting a play at one of these small theatres is a fraction of what it would be here, even if such theatres existed. This means that there is a general feeling that it is possible and worthwhile writing for the theatre and there is an atmosphere of life and experimentation in this medium which has not been felt in London for many years until Sloane Square proved that it is, after all, a very necessary part of the life of a capital city. The highbrow playwright in Paris is, however, really caught over the critics. He can despise what the *Figaro* says about his book, but his play is dependent on it and there are moments of acute embarrassment as the wretched author searches for the right tone of voice in which to announce a favourable review from a reactionary quarter.

On the whole, French writers are probably poorer than their English colleagues, but they have compensations: money and success are not equated; office hours, for those who have them, seem wonderfully elastic; the richer members of the community are nearly always exceedingly generous to the poorer ones and keep them going somehow. They travel with passion but they return, not with the sinking heart of the Englishman regaining his island fortress and rain, gin and gloom, but to wonder how they could have been away so long from *"un petit biftek humain"*, *"un honnête petit Beaujolais"* and, above all, *"les amis"*.

SONIA ORWELL

Modern French Stories

edited by

JOHN LEHMANN

A collection chosen from the work of French authors published during the past quarter of a century. Stories by Marcel Aymé, Marc Blancpain, André Chamson, Noël Devaulx, Marguerite Duras, Jean Ferry, Pierre Gascar, Jean Giono, Julian Green, Louis Guilloux, Marcel Jouhandeau, Pierre-Jean Jouve, Félicien Marceau, Jacques Perret, Maurice Pons, Jean Prévost, Jean-Paul Sartre, Jules Supervielle. (*Sept. 14*) 15/-

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

FABER

New Views of the Old Masters

THE temperamental bias of the French is to attach their brilliant empiricism to sets of traditional values. Not that tradition is used as an alibi, as in dying cultures, but it is constantly reinterpreted for current use. No other nation works its classics so hard as a condition of their maintenance in good fettle. The last great reassessment began towards 1830 under the impulsion of the Romantic Movement and continued, with certain adjustments, through most of the last century. Another, which promises to be as far-reaching in quite a different sense, began in the nineteen-thirties and has been gathering force and direction since. Much of it bears on the nineteenth century itself, whose writers in the meantime have taken on a grandfatherly aspect, distant enough not to be personally irksome yet close enough for a selection of their features to be recognisable in contemporary flesh. Beside them, the original classics and pre-classics (to use terms which are themselves undergoing revaluation) might appear remote. It would seem tempting to use them as figures on which to project one's own nostalgia, in the way that Péguy, Chesterton and Belloc used the Middle Ages. But a uniform system of intensive education, backed by several decades of exact historical research, inhibits most literate Frenchmen from entertaining similarly subjective views of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Only the pressure of serious evidence, gradually and convincingly presented, can introduce radical changes of emphasis. For that reason the contemporary revaluation is all the more impressive.

The old view of the Classic Age, culminating in what may broadly be called Lanson's view, saw it as a period of reason, balance, and a harmonious marriage between art and nature, and went on to contend that it enshrined dominant and permanent qualities of the French character. For most contemporary Frenchmen, such a characterisation appears strange indeed, and not necessarily even nostalgically attractive. If that picture were true, they feel, the race has changed beyond recognition and the classics would by now be dead writers. But this is not accepted, except by a few spiritual descendants of Proust's aristocrats. Generations which have passed through the confusion of the inter-war period, murkily reflected in surrealism, then through the still darker reality of the Resistance and the concentration camp, to come out, of all places, into the present, are equipped to detect other things in the past than order and light.

One of the earliest signs of a new attitude was the emergence just before the war of the word "baroque" as a serious term in French literary criticism. Now, after twenty years, it has acquired general currency though still no generally agreed definition, but through it has been uncovered a mass of works and tendencies which run counter to the idea of classicism. A neglected field, lying between the mid-sixteenth and the mid-seventeenth centuries, is being opened up. It has so much interest in itself that it has become impossible to go on regarding it as a semi-barbaric prelude to the age of Malherbe. At one extreme in time, it is apparent that the Pléiade was not confined to Petrarchan and Anacreontic felicities, that Ronsard himself had his dark poems and mad poems. At the other extreme poets, some hitherto quite unknown, were treating themes and landscapes with an extraordinary artificial glitter which greatly enlarges previous conceptions of the scope and affiliations of *préciosité*. While both these kinds of verse have been called baroque—the first supposing a universe in flux and the second a fragmented one—the same term is also applied to the religious poetry of the late Renaissance which lies midway between them. Here modern poets such as Jouve, Pierre Emmanuel and Jean Cayrol can find their truest counterparts, sprung from that cleavage of conscience—the Wars of Religion—which offers the closest historical parallel to the Resistance and its aftermath. Agrippa d'Aubigné's Protestant epic, *Les Tragiques*, has always been well known, if not always adequately appreciated by traditional critics. But his youthful love-poems, haunted by an obsession with blood and violence, were ignored. They throw a new light on the personal compulsions of the man who later described the sufferings of the Protestant martyrs. Love and death meet in the verses of Sponde, who has attracted the most attention among the rediscovered poets. Chassignet and La Ceppède also meditate on death and salvation in strikingly powerful if ultimately monotonous sonnet sequences which display an ingenuity of imagery sometimes toppling gloriously into over-ripeness.

The last three poets were unknown to Lanson's generation, which in any case would have regarded them as freaks. They and others owe their now assured place in the history of the French poetic sensibility—after some opening fanfares by Thierry Maulnier and Marcel Arland—to the careful work of such scholars as Marcel Raymond, A. M. Schmidt, Alan Boase in this country, François Ruchon and Jean Rousset, who have made them accessible through editions and critical studies. This essentially scholarly process establishes them all the more solidly and also protects them against excessive adulation. The ordinary non-French reader used to look at this period with a feeling of puzzled frustration. No mystical poets, no metaphysicals, no supremely ingenious pattern-weavers like Góngora? One was offered instead exemplary Uncle Malherbe—who incidentally proves to have been a master of the baroque hyperbole before his reformation. It is still true that no French poet of the time closely resembled his Spanish or English contemporaries, but it is no longer possible to maintain that the various qualities of these were not in French poetry. They appear there in different and very interesting blendings.

The baroque question is still largely "literary," in its presentation if not in its implications. When one turns to writers who are already very well known, particularly those of the seventeenth century, the strongest emphasis is on their moral and social significance. In a recent highly successful book, Lucien Goldmann analysed Pascal and Racine from a Marxist point of view. Corneille and Pascal have been studied as baroque authors but, independently of this, they have a potential attraction for existentialist critics as writers who suggested that human destiny can be influenced by an effort of the will. The general moral assumptions of the seventeenth century—and also of classicism—have been examined in books already several years old such as Bénichou's *Morales du Grand Siècle* and Nadal's *Le Sentiment de l'Amour dans l'Oeuvre de Corneille*. The

second in particular shows that the apparently monstrous egotism rampant in French drama before 1650—and which La Rochefoucauld in a more disciplined generation made it his business to unmask, as did Molière on a comic level—was a whole-hearted self-identification with the object of desire, whether this was "glory," salvation, revenge, a lover or a kingdom. That the sanguinely expansionist *moi* of the Cornelian hero should have more interest just now than the desperately concentrated *moi* of the Racinian character is perhaps a symptom of the kind of vitality prevalent in France. The interest was skilfully exploited by Montherlant not long ago.

In any case, intellectual analysis of private emotion of the kind which Racine's drama has usually encouraged seems to be out among the younger generation. Because of his turbulence, of the clash of ideals underlying his vigorously rhetorical dialogue, and of the importance attached to arguments leading sometimes to political action, Corneille is enjoying a revival. Jean Vilar's productions of him at the Théâtre National Populaire have been outstanding and it was a great pity that he did not bring one of them to London in place of *Marie Tudor*, a mere theatrical curiosity, or even of the deliciously formalised Marivaux.

The experiences of the past twenty years have led many Frenchmen to wonder whether reason, light and order were really the hallmarks of the national character and to search their history and literature for other qualities. Rabelais, d'Aubigné, Saint-Amant, Crébillon, Sade, Balzac, Hugo, Nerval, Lautréamont, Rimbaud, Zola, Claudel, provide at least the elements of different answers. The two strands of the French temperament—reason *versus* emotion, intellectualism *versus* fantasy, professionals (ultimately) *versus* amateurs—one knows too well where all this can lead. But that it need not do so is foreshadowed by a new type of criticism born of existentialism which may, if expanded, sweep away such ideas of duality while preserving the classic writers as part of a still operative heredity. Formulated philosophically by Gaston Bachelard and launched as a method of literary criticism by Georges Poulet, it has recently inspired two brilliant studies of nineteenth-century novelists and poets by the rising young critic Jean-Pierre Richard. These writers see at the root of every literary work sense-impressions rather than ideological motives. A writer's particular view of the world, by which alone he defines himself, is formed through a consciousness of objects which precedes any intellectual or aesthetic marshalling of those objects. This approach, which has already given fascinating results, particularly in its application to poets, cuts right under the old type of Cartesian analysis and could free the classics to be explored on the same basis as everyone else. To divide up literature between intellect, action and dream had always seemed a clumsy shift, comparable to one of those stilted Renaissance dialogues between Reason and Love. One tried to mitigate it by speaking of dominant characteristics. But if the dominant characteristics can be placed somewhere else, in primary reactions to experience rather than in presentations of it, then everything remains to be reconsidered. The surrealist may yet lie down with the classic. Modern criticism is fulfilling its proper function when it does not preclude them from doing so.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

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A major scandal is distinguished by the fact that its fascination is perennial. Historians, even the most scholarly whose gifts the serious-minded may well consider could be more profitably employed, will always find readers for a reassessment of the Casket Letters; the speculations of novelists and film-producers as to what really happened at Mayerling seldom show a financial loss. The merest hint of something nasty in history's potting-shed is one to which we all respond.

But in order to achieve an interest beyond the merely topical there are, it would appear, certain conditions which a scandal has to fulfil. The figures involved must be prominent and the excitement cumulative from a preferably obscure opening up to the moment, not of truth but of maximum apprehension, when the tidal wave of panic and suspicion reaches the steps of the Throne or the President's ante-room, and all the idols begin to totter. The *dénouement* must be dramatic but not so convincing as to shut the door to unprofitable speculation. And, although not absolutely essential, sex should, if possible, somewhere rear its head.

Of all the *causes célèbres* of history for the true connoisseur it is those of the nineteenth century which ultimately prove the most rewarding. The Mutilated Hermae, Kirk-o'-Field, the Collier de la Reine cannot be faulted either on their cast or their script but they suffer from conventional *décors*. Dumas and Hollywood have accustomed us to be prepared for anything with characters in doublets or togas, whereas the infamies of those in boiled shirts and pince-nez can still arouse a shocked surprise. Like Crippen in the Chamber of Horrors, President Faure and Prince Eulenburg score heavily over their more glamorous predecessors thanks to the unimpeachable conventionality of their appearance. Moreover, with the remoter scandals all possibility of certainty has long since vanished; Alcibiades's connection with the outbreak of sacrilegious vandalism in fifth-century Athens will now remain for ever unproven, but there is still a faint hope—long may it be disappointed!—that one day we may really know exactly what happened in the Dreyfus case.

Of all the scandals of the last century *l'Affaire* most perfectly fulfils the agreed conditions and, indeed, in one respect transcends them. It started obscurely enough as a fairly commonplace *roman policier* in a military setting, and the excitement mounted steadily up to the moment of maximum apprehension, the suicide of Henry. The involving tide reached not only to the doors of the Elysée but lapped round the most unexpected thresholds. It divided Pissarro from Degas, and Cézanne from Monet. It swept Clemenceau back into public life and Gabriel Hanotaux back into his study. It so sullied the religious orders that their expulsion became inevitable, and left the General Staff so waterlogged that ten years later they almost lost the war. In literature it created as much havoc as in life, washing away the Duc de Guermantes's chances of the Presidency of the Jockey and severely taxing even *M. le préfet* Worms-Clavelin's ability to keep afloat. Indeed, it is difficult in retrospect to keep fact and fiction clearly distinguished, so vividly do the names of so many of the cast—Du Paty du Clam, Esterhazy, Paléologue, Von Schwarzkoppen—suggest the world of Ouida or of Seton Merriman. And the long drawn-out *dénouement*, although sufficiently convincing in the case of the principal victim, left several questions unanswered.

Splendidly typical though it is, the Dreyfus case nevertheless remains a scandal apart, for, unlike Panama, or Marconi or Teapot Dome, while many of the revelations and characters involved are sordid, the central issue is not, and remains unaffected by the fact that the victim himself was quite remarkably unsympathetic and none of his defenders, save Scheurer-Kestner and Picquart, wholly disinterested. Above all, the case retains a terrible relevance. Like the dumb-show synopsis which on the Elizabethan stage preceded the main drama, it gave fair warning of the shape of things to come. In the next half-century the horrid pattern of the trial was to be repeated endlessly from Moscow to Riom; the tactics of the *Ligue des Patriotes* were to become sickeningly familiar far beyond the borders of France; and in the voice of Drumont one hears a forward echo of Senator McCarthy. For, contrary to the once popular belief, the first casualty of the twentieth century was not freedom but justice, and the true hero of our time, because of, not despite, his limitations, is the reactionary, anti-Semitic and slightly priggish Picquart.

The deliberately withheld publication of the late Maurice Paléologue's diaries has, therefore, been eagerly awaited by those hoping for a final revelation. Such optimists should have been forewarned:

> But where Bloch made a mistake was in thinking that M. de Norpois, even had he been less cautious by nature and of a less exclusively formal cast of mind, could (supposing he would) have told him the truth as to the part played by Henry, Picquart or du Paty du Clam, or as to any of the different aspects of the case. The truth, indeed, as to all these matters Bloch could not doubt that M. de Norpois knew. How could he fail to know it, seeing that he was a friend of all the Ministers?"

M. de Norpois, busy polishing up his diaries under the Occupation ("*Sans doute la stricte objectivité historique oblige-t-elle à reconnaître que, selon toute vraisemblance, le texte du manuscrit de* 1942 *ne correspond pas exactement à celui du Journal des années* 1894-1895"), had not changed his spots, and the voice from beyond the grave still speaks with the familiar accents of *l'ancien diplomate de carrière*.

Admittedly the hopes of final enlightenment to which the announcement of the present volume gave rise were slightly better based than those which poor Bloch pinned on M. de Norpois. While his fictional counterpart may have been a friend of all the Ministers, M. Paléologue was not only that but also, at the time of the *Affaire*, acting liaison between the Foreign Office and the French equivalent of M.I.5. No one was in a better position to turn on the lights in the murkier *coulisses*. Alas, the old Quai d'Orsay hand's occupational love of mystification has proved too strong, and the only fresh information he produces is largely confined to the tentative establishment of a shady social climber named Weill, and a mysterious officer, "*d'un très haut grade . . . sur lequel nul soupçon ne pèse encore*", as the master minds behind the whole espionage set-up which had, he suggests, been in operation as early as 1886. As to the identity of "*ce haut gradé X*" the ex-ambassador's lips had, even in 1942, still to remain sealed.

Nevertheless, if M. Paléologue produces no sudden illumination of the central problem, he provides an abundance of fascinating sidelights. In particular he helps to fill in that portion of the canvas which has hitherto remained surprisingly, and irritatingly, blank. We are introduced for the first time to Mme Weede, the wife of the counsellor at the Dutch Legation, "*cette charmante Hollandaise, aux gestes félins, aux grands yeux passionnés (qui) ignore naturellement que je connais toute sa correspondance amoureuse avec Schwartzkoppen . . . dérobée au destinateur par un habile espion du Service des Renseignements.*" We are given a play-by-play account of the sad end of President Faure. And we are permitted to share the "*pudeur musulmane*" of the trusty Zouave who catches Mme Henry in the arms of the sinister Captain Lauth in her husband's office. (Incidentally, it is Lauth who here emerges as the real villain of the piece; by contrast the fantastic Esterhazy almost acquires the panache of a Foulenough.) In addition he provides such rewarding sideshows as a riotously funny account of d'Annunzio acting the genius at a luncheon party in the Faubourg, and a brief but revealing glimpse of Lord Russell of Killowen sitting alongside the judges at the Rennes court-martial.

But it is, perhaps, the Proustians and the amateurs of diplomatic memoirs who will most fully appreciate this extraordinary work. No retired ambassador can ever have achieved so consistent a piece of unconscious self-revelation as these diaries embody, and no author has ever received so striking a testimonial to his powers of observation as they accord to the creator of M. de Norpois. All the tricks of the trade are here employed by M. Paléologue with a quite staggering mastery; the disingenuous fair-mindedness which allows him impressively to admit that it is just possible that he may, occasionally, have been mistaken; the gentlemanly reticences which never inhibit the display of an appalling man-of-the-world knowingness whenever the opportunity offers; the casual references to the distinguished company in which on social occasions he invariably finds himself. Above all, the diarist is a past-master of the gentle art of delicately shifting the spotlight on to the narrator in moments of high drama. "*La généreuse figure de Casimir-Périer s'illumina tout à coup—'Bravo, cher ami, j'acquiesce entièrement à votre opinion.'*"

Only one thing is lacking, that admirable photograph of the author at the Rennes trial, elegantly frock-coated, nobly moustached, wearing a six-inch collar and crowned with a curly brimmed billycock. But fortunately this is to be found in Mr. Chapman's admirable work to which all those who wish to know all that can safely be assumed to have happened in the Dreyfus case will still have to turn.

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> He considered himself a master of diplomacy, the science of those who possess no other and who are profound in their vacuity; a convenient science in that it fulfils itself merely in its exercise; a science which, requiring discretion, permits its ignorant practitioners to say nothing and shelter behind mysterious nods of the head; a science, finally, whose most successful exponent is he who can swim with his head above the stream of events he pretends to conduct; a science, in short, of *specific levity*.

In truth, these images are false. Diplomacy is too clouded with prejudice for the world to treat its members as individuals. They have lacked the undivided attentions of a great novelist; and their own memoirs are usually too crowded with the world of fact to leave room for the world of feeling. We know surprisingly little about the diplomatic mind. This alone would justify the publication of the remarkable diaries of Jacques Dumaine, *Chef du Protocole* at the Quai d'Orsay from 1945-51. Dumaine was in his early fifties in the period he covers: old enough to be nostalgic, young enough to be cynical. It is all here, set in the diplomatic capital of the world, the inner thoughts of the *régisseur* who kept his fellow-marionettes dancing in line.

Dumaine was of his world. He enjoyed, as the darkness of war-torn Europe receded, the gradual unfolding of the glitter and luxury of his profession. In the basements of the Matignon and the Elysée, the great hampers of Sèvres and Meissen were being unpacked, the lights were going up again at the Opéra. It took 80 tons of badly needed coal to re-heat the state saloons of Versailles, but never mind, the effect was worth it—"the Palace," Dumaine wrote, "has always blazed in the shadow of the miseries of Paris." Once more, around the long white tables, the thousand notables sat, and with the champagne the acid anecdotes circulated. There was Lady D—: "She cannot make up her mind whether she wants to be a duchess without having to open bazaars, or a *demi-mondaine* without having to make love." Or Lady C—, still hale and hated at 80: "Snobbery and frigidity are good preservatives." Then there is the Turkish Ambassador, who is not only lecherous but deaf. Lady N— complains to Dumaine: "He is an old scoundrel. He just asked me, '*Comment réagissez-vous à une caresse?*' How can you reply to such a question when you have to shout at the top of your voice?"

Dumaine loved *le grand monde*; but he was, intermittently, aware that his work was meaningless and unreal. "For four years," he noted in 1949, "I have lived on the edge of events, like a fisherman watching great ships depart in search of adventure. When will I depart myself?" In the pages of his diary, between the anecdotes, the first nights, the receptions and the *vernissages*, the monotonous futility of his life—the diplomatic life—is pitilessly recorded. The Archduke Charles calls to see him: the situation in Austria is better—does he not think the time is ripe for the restoration of the dynasty? Senor Bramuglia, Argentinian Representative-Extraordinary, pays a formal visit. To discuss the deadlock at the U.N.? No: to ask if it is convenient to award

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Senor Peron the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Another interview, to award a decoration to Roberto Ganzo, Venezuela's greatest poet; Dumaine suddenly discovers he has read none of his works—are they epic, lyrical, dramatic?—and there are awkward silences. A visit from the Papal Nuncio, full of gentle complaints. ("When a lady attends a dinner wearing a dress which is too *décolleté*, the other guests don't admire the lady, they watch the reactions of the Nuncio.") Then there is the proposal to award Mr. Churchill the Médaille Militaire. Dumaine, in charge of arrangements, conceives the happy idea of getting a sergeant who has already received the award to pin on the medal. Ramadier, the Premier, complains at a cabinet meeting that he himself was once a sergeant and also has the medal. Someone leaks the story to *Le Populaire*, and there is an indignant editorial complaining of the calculated insult to the Socialist leader.

But these are incidents; there is also the daily grind, the endless ceremonies for visiting royalty, the presidential tours in the French provinces, the state occasions. Dumaine supervised them all. For a ceremony at the Hôtel de Ville, there was a squabble over precedence between Le Troquer, President of the Municipal Council and the Prefect of Police; its origins went back to 1875, but Dumaine had to settle it in 24 hours. Far more complicated was the drafting of the solemn order of precedence of the Fourth Republic. Palewski, De Gaulle's *Chef du Cabinet*, had placed himself fifth on the list—three places ahead of Marshal de Lattre, the Commander-in-Chief! With great difficulty Dumaine succeeded in persuading him to change the order. He was less successful with Louis Aragon, one of the guests at a dinner for literary celebrities, who telephoned to ask why his wife, Elsa Triolet, had not been invited also. "No ladies are being invited, M. Aragon." "*Sachez, monsieur, que Elsa Triolet n'est ni un homme ni une femme, c'est un grand écrivain français!*"—and the receiver was slammed down angrily. Equally obdurate was Mr. Molotov, who walked out of a ceremony commemorating the Liberation of Paris because the exigencies of the alphabet—sanctioned for diplomatic usage since the signature of Article Four of the *règlement* of the Congress of Vienna—had placed him in the second row.

Yet through all the tantrums, jealousies and spites he worked on with dogged persistence. At times, he felt his life to be of some use; more frequently, however, his mood was one of resigned despair. "Even though it is easy," he wrote, "my job offers me nothing but constant fatigue. The foresight I bring to the arrangement of a ceremony remains invisible. The rite, in order to succeed, must give the impression of conducting itself. The memory of a successful occasion is transitory, the effort it requires constant." Then, too, there was the distaste of trying to preserve the exquisite and the dignified in an age of ignorance and vulgarity. Mr. Bevin scandalised Dumaine by singing noisy songs at the British Embassy, egged on by his wife ("Sing us another, Ernie"). Felix Gouin, the Marseilles grocer who became Premier, received the diplomatic corps in the Hôtel Matignon wearing a coat "which reached down to his stocky little calves, and terminated the proceedings by stamping out his cigarette on a carpet woven for the coronation of Charles X. *J'ai frémi d'horreur.*" Worst of all was the reception at the French Embassy in Washington, the culmination of M. Auriol's state visit. Madame Bonnet met the guests with a cigarette in her mouth and with shouts of "So glad to see you, honey darling." The F.B.I. forced everyone to park their cars 300 yards from the entrance and the guests had to queue in the rain; many, fearing to catch cold, gave up and departed. The priceless Sèvres service, which Dumaine had transported from the Elysée, at infinite trouble, spécially for the dinner, had been shaken in transit and several pieces smashed. But when he broke this sad—indeed, to him, tragic—news to his dinner-partner, Mrs. Omar Bradley, she merely remarked: "Pity you didn't bring unbreakable dishes."

But through this dancing counterpoint of anecdote and incident—sufficient in themselves, I might add, to make Dumaine's memoirs a constant delight—run two recurrent and sombre themes: France in decline, Europe in peril. The grandeur and heroism of the Resistance collapse in the desperate constitutional battles of 1946; the cold war descends, the shutters are pulled across the windows of Eastern Europe. But the world's political game goes on. To Paris, the Centre Court, come the great international players: De Gasperi and Marshall, Molotov and Bevin, Schuman and Adenauer. Across the green turf they skip and cavort: Edgar Faure, young, ambitious, unscrupulous; Bidault, a tortured amalgam of frayed nerves and searing epigrams; Pleven, smooth, self-confident, shallow; Queuille the compromiser, Reynaud the jester, Mollet the doctrinaire. Like the players on the cigarette cards they can be lost, swopped or torn; but always they reappear until the set is complete. And in the background, anonymous, frozen, afraid, stand the diplomats. The aeroplane and long-distance telephone have robbed them of their power. Their dispatches, composed in artistic agony, are read hastily or reduced to single sheets of paper. The exigencies of the democratic façade undermine their protocol. They are now merely the watchers in the wings. Some, like Dumaine, are nearer than others to the still centre of power. He is the privileged onlooker: he has access to the players' dressing-room, his seat in the grandstand is always reserved. But, no more than any of us, does he play a part in the game. And the fact that he knows the rules and hears the inside gossip merely heightens his apprehensions and sense of impotence. It is one of the ironies of the age of mass-communications and mass-electorates, that the diplomat—still the gorgeous peacock of a faery world—has also become the apotheosis of the man in the street.

PAUL JOHNSON

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Kolossal !

CATECHIZING the great is one of life's minor pleasures. To draw the old Cham out, to lead the bears and tame the lions into loquacious reminiscence, earns the gratitude of posterity, however much it may infuriate the victim. Boswell in the Hebrides, Lord Stanhope at Apsley House, Mr. Geraint Goodwin in Ebury Street—where should we be without them? "Do you think, sir, Burke has read Cicero much?"; "Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the Passions?"; "Did not the Prussians behave with great indiscipline in France?"; "Is it not singular that when Marshal Masséna invaded Portugal, he should not have been aware of the natural defences and strength of the country about Torres Vedras?". The questions fall in hailstorms on the ears of the great man who has once submitted to his chosen tormentor. Occasionally, they strike nearer home and there is an explosion. Johnson, invited to contemplate his own death, grew more than testy. Duke Ai and Chi K'ang Tzu received soft answers when the first asked Confucius how he could ensure the people's contentment and the second how they could be made mutually emulous, but history does not record the name and title of the boorish fum who popped the annihilating 64-dollar question: "Why, sir, are you not in the public service?"

The French, fortunately, order these matters more harshly. In a country where an Academy election takes as much news space as an English paper gives to the Honours List—MM. Cocteau, Mauriac and the Duc de Lévy-Mirépoix straddled across their *bancs* and smothered in gold braid, smack on the front page of *France-Soir*—the great writer is public property. He must expect to be adored, cajoled, lionised, told off and preached at continuously, as the price that he pays for his laurels. It is all part of the *machine à gloire* and the great men themselves take it with a graceful flourish. Though T. E. Lawrence has long been a hero to the French at a distance, his insufferable mock-effacingness, if they had had to live with it as long and as closely as we did in England, would have received short shrift in the land of Victor Hugo.

Over the last four or five years two clever Frenchmen, aided and abetted by *La Radiodiffusion Française*, have brought the catechizing of great writers to a fine art, and the results are before us in book form.* M. Amrouche took Claudel, M. Mallet picked Paul Léautaud, poet and dramatic critic, the peppery, eccentric cat-lover whose death earlier this year removed one of the genuine relics of the "*Belle Epoque*". Claudel's *Mémoires Improvisés* were relayed to the French public in 34 radio instalments, Léautaud's life and loves—he insisted on "*Les réactions immédiates . . . parfois les moins protocolaires*"—in thirty-eight. The first is what we should expect—a human cataract, a superb out-pouring of rage, intolerance and devotion, shot through with a savage shrugging irony and literary insights of genius. The second is one of the liveliest, most indiscreet and original pieces of autobiography that I have ever read. Both sets of interviews have a permanent literary value and both achieve a depth and impressiveness that it would be impossible to attain on the Third Programme. The average English writer is too reticent, too self-conscious, too little of a public performer to bare his soul to the microphone in this way. He is also far too concerned about his social status and too uncertain about his role in society generally. (It would be hard enough to get Mr. Evelyn Waugh to talk about his religion, but how much harder it would be to get him to talk about Lancing.) As for our professional intellectuals, the bare-faced tedium that would result if Mr. Koestler or Mr. Colin Wilson were invited to tell all overwhelms the imagination. And then there is the Charm School. What a stream of hypocrisy, good fellowship, jolliness and social faking would result from their efforts—a kind of Wakes Week in the Garrick Club! I can think of only half a dozen English writers who carry enough weight, lack self-consciousness, are honest enough with themselves and have a sufficient stock of general ideas to make the RDF method worth while.

The French are without these vices and inhibitions. Claudel's memoirs are a tremendous feat for a man of 85. He surveys and comments on his whole *oeuvre*, from the first bugle notes he sounded in *Tête d'Or*, written at 22, to the extraordinary commentary on Isaiah that he composed in old age. *L'Evangile d'Isaïe*† is Claudel's apocalypse; in it, as in the *Cinq Grandes Odes*, the reader feels the whole of creation groaning and in travail. For Claudel is the Christian Whitman; like Whitman, he is drunk with the visible world, its ships, sunsets and sea-battles (*Le Soulier de Satin*); its humming cities and turning wheels (*La Ville*); its corn-belts and stock markets (*L'Echange*). The world of his poetic imagination is dense with *la matière*, yet his men and women are rooted in eternity. Rodrigue and Donna Prouhèze, Mesa and Ysé, Synge and Toussaint Turelure, Lucy Elbernon and Thomas Pollock Nageoire—they are all stranded, like characters in some science-fiction serial, in the space-time continuum of the Four Last Things; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement. Only, since it is Claudel's continuum, even the music of the spheres has a gongy French peasant resonance about it.

In his poetry, as in his life, Claudel was a man of substance and I sometimes feel—as when he tells Mr. Amrouche in this book that "*Je me suis fait chrétien par intérêt*"—that he looked upon God as the Man of Infinite Substance. The Book of Job—v. 12, chap. 42 especially—is the clue to Claudel's life as an artist. His loves and hates, his spiritual struggles, his "*accès de rage*", were all real enough, but they were based on a firm Boeotian substratum. Nothing is more typical of Claudel than the long prayer in *Un Poète Regarde la Croix*, in which he prays for his five grandchildren, puts up a powerful petition for the soul of Rimbaud and aims a heavy un-Christian kick at Ernest Renan's backside ("*C'est lui qui a écrit cette* Vie de Jésus, *ce dégoûtant amas d'infamies, de perfidies et de mensonges, dont un éditeur juif a pris soin de multiplier les éditions populaires.*") The ambiguity of Claudel's life—an ambiguity that led him to address congratulatory odes to the Marshal and the General in succession and fob off the local Resistance leader at Brangues with a "*jeune homme, je prierai pour vous!*"—is that of a man blessed (and cursed) with a super-abundance of energy and temperament. At a performance of one of his plays in Paris, a young man murmured "*Ah, c'est beau!*". "*Attendez, attendez,*" Claudel admonished his admirer, "*dans un instant ce sera encore plus beau!*" Only a colussus could make a remark like that and the German *Kolossal!* is the only epithet that describes it. Like Homer, Balzac and Sir Walter Scott, Claudel is one of the *Kolossal* figures of literature.

Since editing Léautaud, M. Mallet has treated us to another literary curiosity‡—nothing less than the journal of his *rapports* with Gide and Claudel while he was editing their correspondence. That monumental exchange is the latest, but by no means the last, statement of the undying French dichotomy that has raged ever since Bernard pummelled Abelard. No other literature can show such a grand and sustained tradition of dialectic.

The record of the last, closest fought engagement appeared in this country some years ago. Even in a memorably bad translation it gave a wonderful picture of the Slippery Sam of French letters being pursued down his nights and days by the old Hound of Heaven. I hope that M. Mallet will not be so poorly served with his present book, a translation of which will be appearing shortly. For months he played Hermes to these two ageing geniuses, who had not met since their final rupture in the Twenties but whose intransigence was not proof against literary vanity. "*Le spectacle que vous donnent ces vieillards doit bien vous amuser*", Gide told Mallet, "*Vous êtes aux premières loges*". Amusing it certainly is, though to the English eye there is something odious about the way M. Mallet went flitting to and fro between the two old men, tale-bearing, mischief-making, retailing what each had said of the other at the previous interview. Needless to say, he got no change out of Claudel. "*Ca m'est bien égal, ce qu'on pense de moi,*" shrugged the monolith. To him M. Mallet was just one more intellectual and we know what Claudel thought of them. ("*J'appelle intellectuel un inadapté. . . . Il n'y a qu'une classe dangereuse, c'est celle des intellectuels, c'est-à-dire des gens qui possèdent un instrument pour lequel il n'y a pas d'emploi.*") But Gide, though he did his best to hide it, cared deeply. "*Gide,*" trumpeted Claudel, "*fait des ravages dans la jeunesse littéraire . . . il atteint de nombreux jeunes gens qui tombent blessés plus au moins gravement, et moi, je passe derrière lui, sur le champ de bataille, avec une civière, et je les ramasse.*" The old Corydonian was immensely tickled. But he was not nearly so pleased when,

* PAUL CLAUDEL: *Mémoires Improvisés recueillis par Jean Amrouche. Gallimard.* 750 *fr.* PAUL LÉAUTAUD: *Entretiens avec Robert Mallet. Gallimard.* 800 *fr.*

† PAUL CLAUDEL: *L'Evangile D'Isaïe. Gallimard.* 495 *fr.*

‡ ROBERT MALLET: *Une Mort Ambiguë. Gallimard.* 550 *fr.*

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JONATHAN CAPE

a few days later, M. Mallet repeated an uncomplimentary remark Claudel had made on his prose style. *"Ah . . . vous voyez"*, he burst out, *". . . Il est donc bien celui que m'a dépeint un jeune homme dont le père était à la fois sor ami et le mien, voici quelques années. Il avait invité ce jeune homme à déjeuner. Au dessert on servit des crêpes flambées. Il en piqua une de sa fourchette, la tourna et la retourna sur la flamme et dit avec un gros ricanement de jubilation: 'C'est ainsi que Gide brûlera pour l'éternité en Enfer!'"*

All this—together with a top-dressing of the kind of metaphysical chat about faith, death and the emotions that the French love so much and do so well—M. Mallet gives us with great verve and relish. He is an accomplished literary journalist with a superb subject, he is quite without scruples and he has been careful to leave nothing out. The contrast of his two protagonists is complete, even down to their respective chauffeurs: Gide's bare-headed *sportif* young man named Gilbert, driving his *"puissante auto,"* a showy American roadster bought out of Nobel prize-money, is paralleled by Claudel's manservant in full chauffeur's livery, at the wheel of a conventional CD-plated vehicle, *"d'une marque et d'un type français courant toute noire et bien luisante."*

The book is essentially a meditation on two deaths—Claudel *"dans son habit noir, avec son col blanc, ses souliers vernis et son chapelet entre les doigts . . . l'image de l'éternel communiant"*, Gide on view to the whole of literary Paris with Léautaud sticking his nose in the dead man's face, peering myopically at him through his spectacles and murmuring *"C'est trop bête!"* Claudel's death was edifying: Gide's exit, like everything else about his character, remained gloriously ambiguous to the end. The funeral at Cuverville that so enraged his free-thinking friends like Jean Schlumberger—a Protestant pastor to read the Gospels, the *anciens combattants* ranged around the tricolor, the school children parading with bouquets—is a wonderful piece of comic narrative, a subject for René Clair to film and make the angels weep for laughter.

Claudel, Valéry, Gide—what a trio they make, when placed together! Each of them is a literary archetype—the first so fecund, the second so intelligent, the third so tireless and devious of spirit. In the splendour and single-mindedness of their art, the strict nurturing of their genius, the frugality of their lives and above all, in their need of each other's constant and prickly stimulation, these men were Athenians of a kind unique in modern literature. "Claudel and Gide are both not long for this world", sniggered Mauriac to Jacques Dumaine. "Two important funerals to prepare, *M. le Chef du Protocole*. Claudel's, naturally, will take place in Notre-Dame. But for Gide, where will you have the cortège assemble? *Je vais vous le dire . . . au Musée de l'Homme*". In fact, both men, and Valéry also, are part of that greater and intangible *Musée de l'Homme* that is the spirit of civilisation itself. They stand like sentinels at the exit of the Bourgeois European Section (Rooms XIX-XX) that leads us—where? Their lives and works are the flower and end-product of our civilisation, title-deeds to the respect of whatever new world is in the process of shaping itself.

JOHN RAYMOND

Is There a Polymath in the House ?

The New Outline of Modern Knowledge. Edited by ALAN PRYCE-JONES. *Gollancz*. 18*s*.

Faced with this daunting array of learning on so many disparate subjects, perhaps one can't do better than to take a leaf out of Mr. Pryce-Jones's introduction: "In planning the book I have been helped to a large extent by my own ignorance". Ignorance, be thou my guide! For this is the *new* outline of modern knowledge. The original one, edited by Dr. William Rose, was published in 1930, and the two books placed side by side make an interesting contrast. It would be frivolous to say that knowledge in 1930 needed twice as many words in which to summarise it as it does in 1956 but cost only half the price: one isn't going to get a better eighteen-shillings-worth than the present book for a long time. What has changed is the selection of subjects, the emphasis and the approach, and these no doubt have been dictated by the development of knowledge in the twenty-six years that have passed. Dr. Rose's compendium was almost exclusively historical in method. To take one example, the chapter on literature was called "Principles of Literary Criticism." It is a magisterial survey of the subject from Aristotle to Croce by Lascelles Abercrombie; but you will find in it no mention of the author of *Principles of Literary Criticism* or, for that matter, of Mr. Eliot. It seems resolutely to turn its back on the present. In Mr. Pryce-Jones's volume, literature has become "Writing," and the change seems significant, for its author, Mr. G. S. Fraser, is very much concerned with the present, with writers and works which have yet to fall into the formal order of literary history. Dr. Rose's authors were intent on summarising a whole mass of existing knowledge, as though contributing to an encyclopædia: Mr. Pryce-Jones's are concerned much more with the frontiers of knowledge. "The historical background," as he says with a certain flourish, "can be examined in any public library."

I suspect Mr. Pryce-Jones's volume is more "up-to-the-minute" than Dr. Rose's ever pretended to be, but a comparison between them does bring out very strikingly something one knows well enough but is perhaps in danger of forgetting. This is the way in which the whole pattern of knowledge and ideas has shifted during the past twenty years. With the two books before one, it is difficult not to think of the year 1930 as a sort of watershed between the present and the past. This is seen even in the way in which the list of contents has changed. The difference is sometimes one of nomenclature merely, but as a whole it goes much further than this. Philosophy, for instance, has split up into "Analytical Philosophy" (by Mr. John Holloway) and "Metaphysical Speculation" (by Mr. E. W. F. Tomlin). Professor J. Arthur Thompson's "Biology and Human Progress" and Professor Crew's "Sex" have become "Genetics," by Professor Waddington. Psychology remains, but added to it now is "Parapsychology," by Dr. Rhine himself, and psychoanalysis, as the subject of a separate article, has gone altogether. So, too, have "The Nature of Mathematics," "The Science of History" and "Modern Geographical Ideas." The newcomers include "The Conquest of Space," by Dr. J. G. Porter, "Sculpture," by Sir Leigh Ashton, "The New Arts of the Twentieth Century," by Mr. Harman Grisewood (much the least satisfactory of the articles I feel competent to judge: it is plain that to be Director of the Spoken Word one need not be a master of the written word); "World Resources," by Lord Boyd-Orr, "Social Aims of the Welfare State," by François Lafitte, and "Law," by Professor A. L. Goodhart. Especially interesting here is the presence of sculpture. In the 1930 volume, we find Roger Fry writing: "Throughout modern times from the end of the Renaissance on, sculpture has played a relatively small part," and dismissing the whole subject in a paragraph. And here we have Sir Leigh

Ashton and a 13,000-word essay on it, with Henry Moore at its centre.

Moore's name did not, of course, appear in the 1930 volume, nor Picasso's; nor, to move to different fields, did Kierkegaard's, Malinowski's or Wittgenstein's. Again, in the earlier book, there is a single reference to Keynes: in the new one, he dominates Mr. Harrod's "Economics, 1900-1950". The realm of depth psychology offers other instances. In the 1930 volume, Jung appears only as a schismatic from Freud, in Professor Flugel's "Theories of Psycho-Analysis." Now, he scarcely exists in the chapter on psychology at all, but Professor Zaehner leans pretty heavily on him in his article "The Religious Instinct". And while it cannot be said that Freud's stature is diminished in the new volume, the emphasis placed on him has changed. "If Freud," writes Professor Zangwill, "has failed as an innovator in medicine, at least he has forged one of the most powerful tools ever known to psychological science and put forward a speculative body of theory which has had an unparalleled influence upon modern thought."

The appearance of these and other names, whether for the first time or with new shifts of significance, indicates the revolutions that have occurred in knowledge and ideas during the past half-century. The development that most strikingly reveals the gulf between now and 1930 is, of course, that made in atomic physics. In Dr. Rose's volume, the physical nature of the universe was discussed by that brilliant scientific journalist, J. W. N. Sullivan. One reads his article in vain, though, for any reference to the atom as a source of energy. Naturally enough; yet as one goes through the new volume what strikes one immediately is the range of application of atomic energy and its by-products. The article on physics has in fact become "Physics and the Atomic Age," by Dr. Seligman, and whereas Sullivan's consideration was purely theoretical, this is concerned very closely indeed with the practical applications of nuclear fission, in medicine, biology and industry. And turning to Sir Mortimer Wheeler's fascinating survey of recent findings in archaeology, one is not in the least surprised to find him describing a test for dating organic relics, the Radio-Carbon or Carbon 14 test, which is a direct outcome of atomic research.

The significance of such tests goes beyond the archaeological. They serve, surely, to show the context in which ancient arts and disciplines must increasingly exist. It is impossible to read such a book as this without lingering thoughts of the unity of knowledge which once upon a time existed or is alleged to have existed. Professor Wolf, writing on "Recent and Contemporary Philosophy" in the 1930 volume, comments on "the unusually friendly relationship which is loudly proclaimed to exist now between science and the Churches". I don't know whether the sentence could be written now, at any rate if the Churches may be equated with the fashionable theologies of despair. Yet even so, science and its applications remain central to the modern world and modern thought, and it makes no difference whether they are reacted towards or against. The majority of the most significant modern writers have reacted against science and the scientific attitude: Yeats and Lawrence are conspicuous examples; but the intensity of the reaction merely goes to show how completely dominated they were by science. It was, as it were, the traumatic experience that made their work what it was, just as modern painting, according to Mr. Robin Ironside in Mr. Pryce-Jones's volume, is what it is as a direct result of the invention of the camera, which robbed the painter of what had always been thought his "indispensable, if not his most glorious function". Science, in other words, whether we like it or not, has become the great conditioning factor in our life, our beliefs and our arts. It seems to me we shall do better if we like it. We can't go back. And it is one of the incidental virtues of this conspectus of learning that it shows us in a multitude of examples why.

WALTER ALLEN

'I recommend Dr. Geoffrey Brereton's Introduction to the French Poets . . . *In his analysis of successive poets he has much that is illuminating to say about French poetry in general and the variations of public taste . . . Dr. Brereton's book brought me great pleasure.'*
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Two Best-Sellers

La Chute. By ALBERT CAMUS. *Gallimard.* 390*fr.*
Jeunes Proies. By ROGER PEYREFITTE. *Flammarion.* 575*fr.*

Their current success apart, these two writers have, so far as I can see, only two things in common. Neither is thinkable as a figure on our own literary scene. And both imitate forms evolved by other people, in neither case particularly suitable to their own talents and personalities. M. Peyrefitte's imitation is, however, abject, while, through all his oddly chosen frameworks (and through, one gathers, a good deal of temperamental spikiness), the mind of Camus shines fresh and genuine.

A civil servant who, in early middle life, set up as a literary *enfant terrible*, M. Peyrefitte is already known as a hammer of the Vatican and a scourge of the foreign service. Having told the truth about others, he will now, he says, tell it about himself. His models (though no doubt he also cast an eye over Gide, Cocteau and Colette) are Jouhandeau and the Montherlant of *Pitié pour les Femmes*. I ought to say that, in their various ways, I greatly admire all these authors. Intimate and, if necessary, scandalous self-revelation is a form we too much lack in this country. Nor does the personality which uses it need to be an attractive one. Mere indiscretion and a thin-lipped grimace will not do, however. If you lack the sensuous apprehensions of Colette and cannot achieve true candour like Jouhandeau or the intellectual prowess of a Gide, you must at least contrive, say, Cocteau's sense of style or a gesture and a pose of some nobility like Montherlant's at its worst. You must, in any case, write better prose than the average well-paid journalist.

M. Peyrefitte's three young Belgians are to be seen as doomed by their youth, beauty and courage. M. Peyrefitte manages to communicate the fact of their youth (which is largely a matter of telling us how old they were, whether they had left school, and so on). The beauty either of a human being or a landscape is beyond his range. All three write M. Peyrefitte fan-letters. The youngest commits suicide without ever meeting his idol. Otherwise their courage is of that rather modest variety (modest nowadays) which consists in flouting provincial conventions. The second pen-friend, who had been in love with the first, comes to Paris, goes to bed with the author-narrator and leaves in bitterness next morning. These two are of the male sex. The third, a young woman till then a Lesbian, also comes to Paris. She cures M. Peyrefitte of a lifelong preference for boys, and the two go away to Greece, where they evidently enjoyed themselves. As the young woman said, she would love to be put in a book (and had previously had M. Peyrefitte's account of her two compatriots read to her in bed), it is not clear in what way she is to be regarded as a *jeune proie* even now, though listening to M. Peyrefitte's reflections on the ancient world must sometimes have seemed a bit much.

My dominant impression is of the unreality of it all. M. Peyrefitte's real vice, I feel, has nothing to do with either boys or girls or even with foreign travel. I can only see him as a variant of the *genus* success-fetichist who would have preferred triumphs in the administrative field. The *genus* finds a congenial habitat here, but there are local differences due in part to libel law and the happy panic in which our publishers live about it. In this country, M. Peyrefitte would have needed to adopt other tactics. M. Camus's unthinkableness is due rather to the extent to which he has always felt it necessary to be the continental intellectual, philosophically affiliated, politically committed, his quarrels conducted in public, his alliances proclaimed. M. Peyrefitte is lucky to have been born a Frenchman. M. Camus might have been happier as an Englishman. He is not, of course, a metropolitan Frenchman, but was born in Algeria of an Alsatian father and a Spanish mother. He would not have been at Eton or even Downside. All the same, the continental-intellectual side of his work has never done it much good, and we have liked him as a writer despite rather than because of what he knew he was up to.

La Chute is a series of monologues, delivered in Amsterdam to a button-holed compatriot by a once-successful French lawyer, demoralised by contemptuous self-knowledge and haunted by the memory of a display of indifference which was also an act of cowardice (he did not go to the rescue of a girl who threw herself in the Seine one night when he was the only person within hearing). I have always supposed (the American toughies were being hugely overestimated in Paris at the time) that M. Camus must have read *The Postman Always Rings Twice* before writing his first novel, *L'Etranger*. Apart from the way in which both end up philosophising on sick beds, the present ancient mariner reminds me a good deal of the doctor in that pre-war near-masterpiece, Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood*. Any figure closely studied by Camus must, of course, be a prototype. The unfortunate young man of *L'Etranger* was not only the Outsider, he was also (aren't we all?) *le condamné à mort*. Clamence (the narrator alone has a name in *La Chute*) appears at first to be merely the *bourgeois* (a decent sort of *bourgeois*, a well-to-do Liberal) whose position is necessarily so false that self-knowledge must wreck it. But now he describes himself as a *juge-pénitent*, and M. Camus, as we know, has always had a thing about judges (Clamence, too, had preferred his own side of the bar). He also follows "*ma carrière de faux prophète qui crie dans le désert et refuse d'en sortir*," though I am not sure whether this is not a mere flourish or an afterthought on the part of M. Camus, who loves his layers of significance.

"*Juge-pénitent*," at first sight, beggars translation. Clamence is not a penitent judge. He had never been a judge. He is a man who, having undergone extremes of penitence, now at last feels himself in a position to judge other people. This, however, he achieves by a technique which consists in so exposing to them his own degradation that they must, looking at themselves in his mirror, judge themselves. I do not believe that M. Camus could give a simple, straightforward answer to the question whether or no he thought this a good thing.

Camus is ungifted as a philosopher. In some curious way, this fact augments his effectiveness as a writer. The manner in which he deploys his involuted lyrical gift is such that, the greater the underlying confusion, the sharper (for some inexplicable reason) is the sense of reality he communicates. He remains, by and large, the most cheering and warmly attractive among those of our contemporaries who are not yet set in their ways.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

French authors . . .

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The Two Marcels

Proust. By J. M. COCKING. *Bowes & Bowes.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Proust has come in for several different kinds of critical obfuscation: the most enveloping of them all has been added by J. M. Cocking, who, however, has also contributed several new insights. He has grown altogether too fond of the Bergsonian metaphysic in Proust, or rather, has grown too fond of identifying the metaphysical content of Proust's novel with the work itself. Of course, it is wrong to do as Benda did, and ignore the metaphysical content almost entirely: it seems old-fashioned to us now, a fag-end of nineteenth-century idealism, and its principal statements (like the essence of art existing "out of Time") ring at best like lyrical metaphors, at worst have no meaning. When Proust wrote it into his work, it was not particularly original. But it did give explicit intention, and above all, artistic shape to the novel. How much the book gained by a kind of philosophic frame is one of the many points that arise from a comparison of *Jean Santeuil* and *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and it is misguided to ignore it: but the real intention, the real originality of the work, does not lie there.

Because Professor Cocking's book is a contribution to the "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought" series, it is reasonable for us to expect that it should concern itself largely with Proust's philosophy: but in fact, Proust's most valuable thinking was about human beings, how they revealed themselves through successive layers of the personality, how their inconsistencies might be reconciled in a pattern acceptable to instinct and to reason, how they might be fully projected, whether by interior study or by the play of external opinion upon them, and how they might be moved, not only upon the chessboard of Time but upon the chessboard of Society, eternally changing in outlook, habit, social behaviour, but retaining their original essence. Of Proust's attitude towards the people in Marcel's life, Professor Cocking says next to nothing: but he is illuminating upon the subject of the narrator, recognising the existence of "two Marcels": the first wholly engaged in observation of his own being and the being of others, the second continually watching, with a bleak and objective humour, the observer too busy to notice how often he himself is absurd.

It was in fact the creation of the "second Marcel" which brought Proust from *Jean Santeuil* to *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. It must have been a moment as transfiguring to his artistic experience as the conception of the role of involuntary memory: the moment when he first came to stand with a jolt outside of himself. Between the tentative novel and the masterpiece is one great new factor—the factor of irony.

Professor Cocking does not seem wholly to appreciate the immense transformation made in Proust's work by the acquisition of the ironic sense. For instance, he equates Jean's triumph over the snobbish Mme Marmet, brought about by the Duc de Réveillon, with the rescuing of Charlus from the Verdurins by the Queen of

Naples. What he has missed is the enormous difference in result between the two not dissimilar interventions. Jean *is* saved: but Charlus, though hauled out of the immediate crisis, is in fact ruined. He has lost not only Morel; the first real blow has been struck at his self-esteem, he has no longer any real hope of re-establishing his *mana* and is therefore vulnerable to the further attacks which will drag him down (in the eyes of all except his relations) into the trough of French society.

There is some excellent observation in this book, from the opening statement that "*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is at once the story of how its hero Marcel came to know his vocation as a novelist and the novel which he wrote as a result," to the more profound extrapolation of an idea of Ramon Fernandez, still Proust's best critic to date:

> In no other writer, certainly no other prose writer, do we find . . . the quite so happy co-existence in one mind of the double vision—the vision of a man accustomed to perceiving the sensuous beauty of the world through the imagination of a great century of poetry, and the vision of a classical observer of mankind who has lived on into a century of scientific determinism.

All this is so good that sometimes Professor Cocking's failures in perception, or, perhaps, his failures to extend initial ideas, come as a surprise. "When he (Proust) concentrates on the centre of it all, the visionary moments themselves, there is nothing much to talk about. He can only state, in 'elevated' style, that such moments are known to the artist . . ." The novel *is* the "talking about." Proust found that for *him* (and he does not at any time insist that it is the key to unlock doors for all artists) the visionary moments of involuntary memory released the creative flood, all his ideas, all his people, and made his triumph possible.

Professor Cocking realises, indeed, how great a triumph the work is:

> . . . never, before Proust, has the disparagement of life been so successfully shouted down within the work of art itself, by the triumphant cry of purpose achieved, of destiny worked out in the teeth of despair and to the point of death.

Marcel knew the triumph in full consciousness: Vinteuil left the same knowledge in his will and testament—the *Septuor*. But the writer Jean Santeuil did not know it; and, because he could not make the discovery, his story was abandoned, and the vast mass of beautiful failure thrust away into that box in the wardrobe.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Poésie Lyrique

An Introduction to the French Poets: Villon to the Present Day. By GEOFFREY BRERETON. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

To English children, the train wheels sing "Three-ha'pence-and-tuppence": in France, they beat out the measured rhythm of the classical alexandrine. Despite missionary activities, the countrymen of Shakespeare and Racine still confront each other a little uncertainly—the Englishman distrusting Latin abstractions, the Frenchman wary of mental sloth; and each at times deserts his own traditions for what he mistakenly thinks to be the other's. Even the missionaries are apt to go astray. Lytton Strachey, in an otherwise seminal essay, once presented Racine to the readers of the *New Quarterly* as a kind of French Shakespeare, singling out those qualities in him that an English audience would most readily admire. Some critics, therefore, have held that no nation can really come to terms with another's poetry: the English Channel, in their view, is many centuries wide. But such excessive humility is surely false: it presupposes a perfect knowledge of one's own language, and a crippling incapacity for learning any other. As Dr. Brereton says in his new book, "A feeling for English poetry, as diversely based as possible, is the best initial equipment for reading poetry in French."

RATHER SURPRISINGLY

our October number is half devoted to Scottish writers, including (slightly posthumously)

THOMAS CARLYLE

with the last of his last letters to Froude. But there are some colder contemporary blasts from the north, complaining not unnaturally that London is ruinous if one

WRITES FOR

a living or even lives for writing. However plenty of those outside the Celtic fringe will sympathise with the emigré writers in the October number of

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With these encouraging words, he launches us on a 300-page survey of "The French Poets." The definite article is his own.

At first glance, it is hard to picture the audience to whom this introduction is addressed. The book is not a history of French poetry: it approximates to it, but omits some of the standard chapters, and enlarges other sections out of orthodox proportion. It demands a sensitive familiarity with the French language and with French history and culture: but it takes the trouble to explain a number of metrical points, and it includes biographical material that is fairly well known. Its chief aim, says Dr. Brereton, was "first to define, and secondly to justify, the diverse impressions which those poets are likely to make on a modern reader of ordinary sensibility." This, perhaps, flatters the trusty Common Reader: but most people, I think, will find the book stimulating, informative, entertaining, acute, and controversial.

Its slenderest and least lively section is that which deals with poetry before Racine. Dr. Brereton's critico-biographical approach (very definitely not *contre Sainte-Beuve*) seems unrewarding when the major difficulty is to disentangle a poet's individuality from the background of his age. With Ronsard, for example, there is so much advice to "gather ye rosebuds" that one almost detects the snip of sécateurs. Later, Dr. Brereton's bias against Corneille, openly declared in two previous books, leads to his near-omission; and a similar bias results in fierce chastisement of that whipping-boy, Boileau. On the "minor" contemporaries of Malherbe, however, Dr. Brereton is learned and intelligent, delivering some well-deserved reproof to Gustave Lanson, who tidily dismissed them as "*attardés et égarés*." In view of this welcome open-mindedness, it seems a pity that earlier minor figures, such as the remarkable Louise Labé, should not have been treated at greater length. Similarly, at the end of the book, the chapter on "Poetry since Valéry" could well have been expanded to give more room to Péguy and possibly Cocteau, perhaps at the expense of Aragon and Prévert. Here, moreover, one has the feeling that Dr. Brereton is ducking some of the critical judgments he made so forthrightly in his Pelican *History of French Literature*.

But the central section of the present book is by far the most successful. On Racine, Lamartine, Vigny, Hugo, Musset, Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle, and Verlaine, Dr. Brereton's critical comments are profound and patient; and on Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Valéry, and Claudel, he is equally interesting, if less searching. His chapter on Hugo, indeed, is the best in the book, delicately balanced between admiration and abhorrence, and leading from the first luscious impressions through the vast deserts of Hugo-egoism to a very sympathetic but detached examination of his claims to mysticism. How sincere was that grotesque but powerful eloquence? Dr. Brereton leaves the question suspended: but his answer is implicit in an earlier statement that the feelings of the eighteenth-century poets were not essentially different from those of the Romantics, but "were simply inhibited by technique."

This debatable remark points, I think, to the only real weakness in Dr. Brereton's brilliantly witty and incisive survey. Although he justly derides the sterile dogmatism of academic cataloguing, his own critical principles seem sometimes inadequate. In one place, guardedly praising Leconte de Lisle, he says: "That, for anyone who is neither a native nor a specialist, is good enough—provided that one looks to poetry for aesthetic pleasure and not for exact instruction or for a new light on experience." You may feel that this is sheer broadmindedness: but its false dichotomy seems either to ignore or to defy the destructive pioneering work of Mr. I. A. Richards; and it reveals Dr. Brereton as a connoisseur rather than a critic. His erudition is immense and his taste almost impeccable: but his response to poetry seems to be that of the scholar and the gourmet. Later, indeed, he divides readers into those who wish "to form a total impression of the literary scene" and those who wish "to browse upon varied pleasures." His book will please both—the latter particularly, since his quotations are succulent and far from stale. But anyone seeking a *total* response to poetry, and anyone who regards it as more than a "beautiful art," is likely to be a little disappointed. By concentrating on the juicy quotation, the perfect strophe, the single line of "pure poetry," Dr. Brereton too often limits his survey to the lyrical aspects of French verse, understressing its more characteristic dramatic and architectural qualities. Hence, perhaps, his comparative ill-treatment of Corneille, and his open scorn for Boileau. But every critic has his blind spot; and the virtue of this defect is Dr. Brereton's admirable treatment of the Romantics, who after all are the French poets most easily accessible from our Shakespeare-haunted, heron-priested shores.

RICHARD MAYNE

Emile Zola

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ELEK BOOKS

Martyred Nation

A History of Poland. By O. HALECKI. *Dent.* 21*s*.

All Europeans look alike to the Chinese; and no doubt the history of England in the Middle Ages must appear wildly confusing to a Polish reader. One king of England spent most of his reign in Palestine; others were warring in France; intrigue, murder, poison make up the record. We should not complain, therefore, if we find the history of Poland bewildering; and the publisher has not made it easier by failing to provide any genealogical tables. The reigns of the Piasts make heavy going—now here, now there, half-forgotten branches bobbing up and then disappearing again. Poland in the later Middle Ages is a different matter. This was indisputably a great state; and one senses in an obscure way the grandeur of its Golden Age. But, however wrong-headedly, we cannot keep our eyes off what came after. We know that this great Poland was to decline and ultimately to be partitioned. We expect great results to have great causes; and both author and reader keep focusing on the question—what went wrong? What was the sin which, according to Professor Halecki, the Poles of the nineteenth century had to atone for?

Perhaps the answer is: Nothing. Poland suffered, not from wickedness, but from bad luck. Many states have gone up in the world, and then down; yet they have managed to survive. The condition of Portugal in the eighteenth century was worse than that of Poland; the condition of Sweden not much better. But they scraped through. Again, if the empire of Napoleon had survived for a couple of generations, Belgium would never have come into existence and Poland would have kept going, even if in somewhat truncated form. Then we should have pointed triumphantly to the causes which inevitable doomed the Belgians and as inevitably preserved the Poles. Lack of a hereditary dynasty no doubt contributed something; and so did the extension of Polish estates over alien peasants. But the essential truth is sad and simple: it is no fun having two great military monarchies as your neighbours. Turn history a little differently—if Russia had still been badgered by the Mongols, if Prussia had been a little more hard-pressed by Austria and France—and Poland would have done as well as the Scandinavian countries. As it was, Catherine and Frederick had time to eat her up; and both were elevated to the ranks of "the Great" for doing so.

This book has been a standard work for the last fourteen years. The author has now brought it up to date; and recent events have confirmed his judgment that Poland will not be satisfied to remain a Russian satellite. The story is told competently, but it is rather dull. There is rather too much in the style of "the end of this epoch was the beginning of another". Also it lacks figures, solid information, to weigh the story down. Just how many Poles were there in the sixteenth, the eighteenth, the twentieth century? Exact figures are of course lacking; but we could make a guess. It is particularly important that we should know what proportion the Poles were of the total population. Professor Halecki skates over the non-Polish peoples until very late in the story. A map, too, would have made things easier for us. Still, we must not grumble. This is the best history of Poland for English people at a manageable length.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Week-end Competition

No. 1,383

Set by Brian Hill

Competitors are invited to translate Baudelaire's *L'Avertisseur* into English verse.

Tout homme digne de ce nom
A dans le coeur un Serpent jaune,
Installé comme sur un trône,
Qui, s'il dit: "Je veux!" répond: "Non!"

Plonge tes yeux dans les yeux fixes
Des Satyresses ou des Nixes,
La Dent dit: "Pense à ton devoir!"

Fais des enfants, plante des arbres,
Polis des vers, sculpte des marbres,
La Dent dit: "Vivras-tu ce soir?"

Quoi qu'il ébauche ou qu'il espère,
L'homme ne vit pas un moment
Sans subir l'avertissement
De l'insupportable Vipère

Entries by September 11.

Result of No. 1,380

Set by J. P. Mullarky

The West Indies will shortly be formed into a Federation—the Caribbean Federation Bill has now passed the House of Lords. The usual prizes are offered for a Calypso in honour of Federation Day. Limit 12 lines.

Report

Carnival time—jump up, follow the steel bands, dance and go to the calypso tents! There, with the thrill of clapping and cheering, laughter, chorus and guitar, the calypsonians sing. The calypso, words and music, belong to the singer, and, though the audience may share it and join in the chorus, it is taken away only in the memory, not on paper or gramophone records. It is not even passed on from mouth to mouth, as European folksongs, ballads and sagas were. How difficult, then, for English competitors to write down a convincing calypso. If lucky, we may have heard a few records or, at least, the cricketers' calypso which stormed the British Isles in 1950. But how to catch the rhythm, the "dialect" and especially the warmth, common sense and optimism of the West Indians? Those competitors who could not feel the rhythm were eliminated immediately, for the form of the calypso depends on the rhythm. The number of lines in a verse, the number of feet in a line and the number of syllables in a foot may all vary but the rhythm must be strong and constant. The "dialect" is more tricky. Some competitors did leave out the direct articles and used words typical in Caribbean English. But don't coy words like "chillen," "cuties" and "piccaninnies" belong to the Southern States of the U.S.A.? Would the quadroon or the octaroon mean anything to the imagined singer or audience? Aren't "good chaps" and

> In some vague way, I'm told that we
> May now be reckoned rather free

typically English? What of the sentiments? Contempt for the English and self-contempt in the West Indian, cynicism and rebellion oozed out of nearly every entry. Not often in large quantities, but enough to mar even the most authentic or most amusing entries. Federation meant cash; it was a step on the way to federation with the United States; it gave the West Indies freedom to grab their oil; it was just a chance for a good booze-up. The nice was mixed with the nasty, though, and I liked Harry Broadbent's

> We had to win the Tests before we were through.
> Our heroes did it in nineteen fifty-two.

and D. R. Peddy's

> In Trinidad and Islands of the Virgin
> Our national sovereignty we're mergin'—

Senil obviously knew a good deal about Trinidad, and his ideas were mostly good, his verses (though far too numerous) in best calypso style.

The answer to these rather harsh criticisms came in a delightful, and large, batch of entries from the West Indies. Many had music attached. They came from all kinds of people, among them civil servants, teachers and well-known calypsonians. This was exciting, and I hope readers will consider me justified in giving the prizes to these authentic calypsoes. Their ideas were often attractive and amusing. For instance the surprise in—

> Our leaders have proved quite capable
> That's why federation would be workable.
> (Clifford Phillips)

> The second day of August 1956
> A day of days remaining in Historics.
> (The Mighty Bomber)

or—

> So let us all now give our compliments,
> Such an achievement is rather magnificent.
> (Vivian Ventour)

The memory of the hurricane caught my interest—

> T'anks be to God I live to see this day,
> Cause last year "Janet" nearly blow me 'way.
> (Percé Tappin)

and so did the social sense in this verse—

> So come on boy, gal, woman and man
> Every body do yuh best lend dat helping han'
> Forget if you weak, strong or even yuh originality
> And lets show de whole wide world what's real unity.
> (Don R. McCudjoe)

The second prize is won by a famous calypsonian, whose work is well known in the calypso tents. He has absorbed the atmosphere and traditions of Trinidad, while retaining a militant devotion to his native island of Grenada, one of the smaller and, before Federation, one of the humbler islands. I had to make an effort to adjust myself to his language, but it was well worth it. A quick gloss may be helpful to readers: "It have" means "there is," "she" is used instead of "her," "confusion" is a crisis, "you" can mean "your," and "jump up" is a wonderful Caribbean phrase—"sing, dance and declaim, join in the outcry or festivities." How glad we should be that so many of the West Indians decided to "jump up" and send in their contributions.

Three guineas to Lord Troubadour, two guineas to Small Island Pride and a guinea to Ivy M. Gomez.

> Ah, this Federation!
> This National Emancipation!
> No small island talking no more,
> Is a big dominion we going for.
> Ask Marryshow and Norman Manley
> Adams and Gomes and Bustamente.

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We joining hand across the sea
From Jamaica to La Trinity.
We want anthem, flag, army and all
And the Princess for Governor-General.

LORD TROUBADOUR

It have a Grenadian living next to me
If you know how them natives does torture she
every time they in for a confusion
they does shout Small Island go back to you Land.

But the Grenadian sit down and she draft a plan
to stop them from all this tormentation
every time they shout smallie find you Land
she does jump up with this Lavue like a mad woman.

CHORUS
All she singing Lilian change you plan
We done get FEDERATION
There'll be no DISCRIMINATION
Between a TRINIDADIAN and a GRENADIAN.

SMALL ISLAND PRIDE

Now Federation Bill is past
It's almost more dan all we asked,
Supported by de Sovereign's will
Trinidad will be loyal still.
An' licensed by de House of Lords
Guarded by de British swords.
Who will let Federation down?
No man. Go sing aroun' de town.
De Windward Islands an' de Antilles
Will live like roses an' de fleur-de-lis.
So let all nation an' dem make way,
We celebratin' Federation Day.

IVY M. GOMEZ

City Lights

The Chancellor's Garden

Unusual, perhaps. But if you object to perverting the course of nature, if you like best the kind of plants which flourish without interference, if in short you believe in leaving well alone, you will agree that the Chancellor's garden is thriving this year. There is nothing like a drought of money to shrivel up the weaklings.

Take breweries, for example. Watering the workers' beer is not what it used to be since full employment and a high duty persuaded them to drink less of it. The firms who can afford it have spent a good deal of money recently in fitting out their pubs with soft lights, thick carpets and 21 in. TV, in launching out on a larger scale into catering and retailing, and in transforming beer into a standardised, packaged, trade-marked high-profit selling-line. The smaller brewers are gradually dropping out, their brewing and bottling plant swept up into national networks, their pubs either sold off or converted into outlets for national brands. The financial reflection of this process is a kaleidoscope of liquidations, bids, share exchanges, mergers—and sometimes an interesting cross between them all.

Meux shares, on and off, have been a bid speculation for some time, and a couple of months ago it was announced that talks were going on with Friary Holroyd about the possibility of a merger. Now that the suggested merger terms are out they are likely to cause some heartburning. It is never altogether easy to satisfy everyone in a case like this: the long-term balance is struck on the basis of assets and profits, while the shareholders are naturally more interested in relative share prices. Sometimes the two points of view can be reconciled and everyone is happy. Sometimes they cannot. In this case, for example, Friary shareholders stand to get more out of the merger, though Meux shares (until its terms were announced) stood considerably higher in the market.

The Meux chairman, of course, had to touch on this point in his circular, and he has made it quite clear why the price of his company's shares has been so peculiarly high. For some months, it seems, both through the stock market and outside it, somebody had been buying them in and building up nominee holdings. Then, early in August, he met the chairman of another brewery company, and learnt that this third brewer, having acquired 10 per cent. of Meux's ordinary shares, would be interested in getting control on the basis of a share exchange.

The Meux directors have decided to go ahead with the Friary merger instead. The questions now are: (1) Who is the mystery brewer? (This one could make a good guess at.) (2) Is he going to fight the merger proposal? And (3) will enough Meux shareholders be sufficiently disappointed to back him up?

* * *

There is nothing local about cigarettes. Competition is much fiercer, things have moved further, and the small tobacco firm is having a worse time of it than the small brewer. Gallaher and Carreras are still putting up a gallant fight against Imperial Tobacco, but Godfrey Phillips is on its knees, and the small fry, having made losses for years, are kept going only by dreams of a triumphant gift-coupon come-back.

Shareholders sometimes show a certain lack of sympathy for their directors' dreams. You can see this scepticism at work in the case of B. Morris, a tobacco company with a long record of poor profits which has paid no dividends on its preference or ordinary shares for four years. Recently it has been turning its assets into cash—cash which the directors plan to use in launching a glorious gift-scheme recovery. Unfortunately, there is an unimaginative opposition group which plans to turn out the board, eye the trading prospect sternly, and give shareholders back their money if they don't like it.

* * *

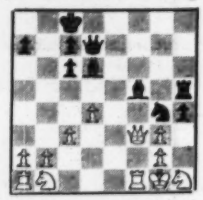
Amalgamated Tobacco, faced with the same sort of trouble, is not bothering too much about niceties. The company recently summoned its shareholders to meet and wipe off past losses by a capital reduction scheme—one effect of which would be to increase the proportionate voting strength of the ordinary shares. Only after this did it come out that the Association of Investment Trusts wanted repayment of the preference capital (on which no dividend has been paid since 1953), felt very little sympathy for the bright future seen by the board in coupon trading, and had asked for a meeting to replace the directors with their own nominees. This meeting, it appears, cannot be held until a week after the other, which could increase the voting power of the ordinary shares and give the Chairman effective control. A swapping of circulars has been arranged.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

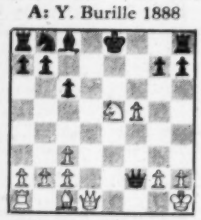
No. 355 Much Ado . . .

Most of us—I like to assume—would be loath to win any dull way so long as there seems to be some chance of conjuring up a brilliancy. Hence, when E. Post—playing White in the Coburg tournament of 1904—got a promising position (Diagr. L.), I would have been the last to blame him for proceeding to fling his pieces away with utter abandon. (1) R x P ch, K x R; (2) Q-R1 ch, B-R3; (3) Q x B ch, K x Q; (4) R-R1 ch, B-R4; (5) R x B ch, K x R. Here, with the prospect of imperishable glory beckoning, Post triumphantly reached for the SW corner of his realm to fetch his QR for yet another R-check followed by the Kt mating, when he was horrified to discover that he just hadn't got another Rook. Out of sheer spite he played (6) Kt-K7, determined to resign (and to hide in some dark corner) if Black countered, say, ... R-Kt1 ch. But Black was too stingy to part with even a fraction of his material wealth, and after . . . Q-Kt2?? White had the glorious chance of (7) B-Kt7!! Once again fortune seemed to smile, for even a Q-sacrifice such as . . . Q x KtP ch; (8) K x Q, K-R5; (9) B-Q1 would leave the mating-net unbroken. Black did find a loophole, though, by . . . Kt-K4; (8) B-Q1 ch, Kt-B6; (9) B x R, R x B; (10) B x Kt ch, Q x B ch; (11) K x Q; and after a lot of woodshifting the game fizzled out to a very pedestrian draw. A similarly interesting case—more precisely a case of flogging a dead horse—is reported in that excellent (East) German paper *Schach*. Here—Behnke-Dannberg



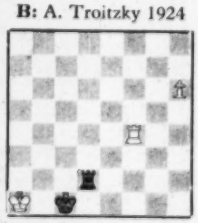
1956—is a position in which Black, obviously, played (1) . . . P x P, with the nasty threat of R x Kt ch, followed by a Q-check and mate. Hence White played (2) Kt x P, but Black was not to be denied his . . . R-R8 ch, since (3) Kt x R would allow a neat mate by B-R7. Hence, the sequel was (3) K x R, Q-R2 ch; (4) Kt-R5, Q x Kt ch; (5) Q-R3, Kt-B7 ch; (6) R x Kt, B x Q; (7) P x B, Q x P ch; (8) K-Kt1, B-B5! (9) R x B, Q-Kt6 ch; (10) K-R1, Q x R; (11) Kt-R3, Q-B6 ch; (12) K-Kt1, Q-K6 ch; (13) K-R1, Q-K7; (14) R-QKt1, K-Q2. Here White resigned, but in the post-mortem it appeared that Black could have saved himself some trouble if, instead of the R-sacrifice, he had simply played (2) . . . B x Kt; (3) Q x B, Q-R2.

A: Y. Burille 1888

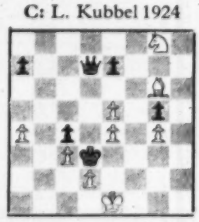


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White made five successive threats of immediate mate before checking on the 6th and mating on the 7th move. (The Black K has been previously moved.) **B**—White to win—is a very instructive study, easy enough for 6 ladder-points, nor should **C** be too difficult for 7 points. It is also a win for White, and quite a beauty too. Usual prizes. Entries by Sept. 10.

B: A. Troitzky 1924



C: L. Kubbel 1924



REPORTS ON COMPETITIONS

No. 351. Set August 4

A: KBP is K; suimate by (1) K-B3 ch, B-Q7. (2) Kt-Kt1 ch, B-B3 ch. (3) K x R, Kt mates.
B: The Black QR can't have emerged, nor (what with 8 Black pawns) can one of the rooks have originated by promotion; hence, one is redundant. Take away either and Black is mate.
C: (1) R-KKt6, K-R2. (2) R-Kt8, K-R3. (3) R-R8 ch, K-Kt3. (4) B-R3, K-B3. (5) R-R6 ch, K-K4. (6) R-Q6, K-B5. (7) K-K7, K-K4. (8) B-B1, K-B5. (9) Kt-B2, K-K4. (10) Kt-Q3 mate.
D: (1) R x R ch, B(4) x R. (2) R x R ch, B(5) x R. (3) Kt (8)-K7 ch, B(6) x Kt. (4) Kt x B ch, Q x Kt. (5) B-R7 ch, K x B. (6) B(5)-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (7) B-R7 ch, K x B. (8) B(6)-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (9) B-R7 ch, K x B. (10) B(7)-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (11) B-R7 ch, K x B. (12) B-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (13) B-R7 ch, K x B. (14) Q(2)-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (15) Q-R7 ch, K x Q. (16) Q-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (17) Q-R7 ch, K x Q. (18) B-K4 ch, K-Kt1. (19) B-R7 ch, K x B. (20) P-Kt6 ch.
E: (1) K-B1, B-KKt5! (2) B-Kt6! K-Kt2. (3) P-Q4! B x P ch. (4) K-B2, B-K3. (5) B-B7! B-B4 ch. (6) K-Kt3, B-B8. (7) B-Kt6! B-K3 ch. (8) K-B2. B-QR6. (9) B-B7! B x B. (10) Kt x B, K x Kt. (11) K-Kt3, B-B8. (12) K-B2 etc.
F: (1) K-R8!! P-Kt7. (2) Kt-Kt8! P — Q. (3) Kt x P, Q x P! (4) R-K7 ch, K-Q4. (5) R x Q, K x R. (6) Kt x Kt, P x Kt. (7) P-B6, P-Kt6. (8) P-B7, P-Kt7. (9) P — Q, P — Q. (10) Q-KB5 ch.

Most competitors garnered some 30 points, merely dropping a few over **E** and/or **F**. Alternative solutions for **C** get full marks. Prizes: G. Abrahams, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg.

No. 352. Set August 11

A: (1) QxKP ch, PxQ, (2) R-K6 mate.
B: (1) B-B1!, B-B6!, (2) B-Kt2!!, RxB, (3) RxP, RxR, (4) K-R4!, etc.
C: (1) B-B6 ch, K-R2, (2) R-Kt7 ch, K-R3, (3) R-B7, K-Kt3, (4) R-B8, Kt-B3!, (5) BxB, K-Kt2!, (6) R-K8, K-B2, (7) R-R8, K-Kt2, (8) B-B6ch!, K x B, (9) R-R6 ch, etc.

More stumped by **B** than by **C**. Even so, a good many flawless solutions. Prizes: W. M. Hancock, J. R. Harman, C. G. Hilton, C. Sansom, N. G. Wilson.

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl, 18, seeks friendly family as p.g. for one year—preferably Kensington area. Box 6954.

ENGLISHMAN offers weekend hospitality to German gent. N. Lond. Box 6958.

SYMPATHETIC home wanted for elderly lady of modest means, infirm but not invalid, intellectual interests, musical. S. London prefd., not essential. Box 6960.

IMPERIAL Good Companion for sale, hardly used. GRA. 4020 aft. 8 p.m.

CHINESE Agency offers Chinese lessons (tutor visiting), translations, compiling/abstracting Chinese material. China-trade liaison. Research. Suggestions welc. Write: 31 Edgarley Tce., S.W.6.

BRAZIERS Park: Autumn list now ready. Send 2d. addressed envelope for early copy. See also "Appts. Vacant."

CAR to Italy, dep. Dover Sept. 30, 3 wks. Englishman, 40, glad consider agreeable companions whole trip/part. Box 6904.

TO students of Russian: Experienced Instructors offer furnished rooms with full or partial board, Russian conversation and individual tuition if required. Terms reasonable. Please apply to the Rev. & Mrs. Vladimir Rodzianko, 34 Park Rd., W.4. CHI. 5665. References exchanged.

CO-DRIVER wanted for car going to Cornwall, Sept. 12. Box 6917.

PHYSICIST, 30's, seeks young companions for car tour. Box 6844.

DELIGHTFUL chalets Côte d'Azur 2½gns. person weekly or hotel full cuisine 26s. day. Deferred fares. Barry, 37 Clarendon Road, Ashford, Middx. Tel. 4329.

RENT-free modern flat, garage, offered Doctor. Duties: 'phones, bells and few medical. 75 miles London. Box 6703.

SPLENDID Winter climate, lovely coast, fine walks, drives. Large divan-sitting, cooking facilities, shower, garden, English spoken. Suit painter or writer. 20s. week, references. Ivonne Pires, Lagos, Portugal.

PAINTING and drawing in unspoilt country within reasonable distance of London. Wk-ends/longer. Beginners or more advanced, but essen. serious workers. Box 6838.

SWITZERLAND, Bernese Oberland. Flats to let, reasonable rent. Summer & winter sports. Full information, Box 6627.

AVONCROFT Arts Festival. "The Arts and the Amateur." May 24 to 26, 1957. Entries are invited of original work by amateurs in the West Midlands in music, poetry, literature, drama, films, photography, painting and handicrafts. Further particulars from the Festival Secretary, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

TRANSATLANTIC working passengers wanted for cruising yacht leaving Mediterranean end September for Gibraltar, Las Palmas, Nassau, Miami. Fare £45 and share of ship's work. Write "Danae" Agents, 28 Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

INTELLIGENT third-year Engineering student, 25, seeks another, not necessarily stud., view to seek/share flat London end Sept. to June. Box 6944.

ARTIST'S excellent studio furnished day-time use; Kensington. Box 6787.

WRITE Dominic for Sherry. Not the cheapest but the best! South African sherry of unrivalled quality; dry, medium or soft golden cream. 177s. per doz., 14s. 9d. per bott. Trial three 45s. Carriage free. Lists. Peter Dominic Ltd., Horsham, Sussex.

EL CID. Do you know the name? Yes, he was a Spanish Knight of the 11th century. But El Cid is also the name of a very fine sherry shipped by Duff Gordon. You'll find it wherever good wine is to be had.

A.T.V.'s television programme "The 64,000 Question" is on a nation-wide search for men and women who have a remarkable knowledge of any subject other than the one they earn their living by. The 64,000 Question, A.T.V., Television House, Kingsway, W.C.2.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London and Liverpool. 72 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 4042.

ARE you living on your nerves? Avoid a breakdown and try Nerve Manipulation, a relaxing, invigorating and stimulating treatment of proved value. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., W.1. Enquiries: WELbeck 9600.

SHORT Story Writing. Writing for radio and TV. Learn the modern techniques of short story and script preparation. You are taught plot development, how to express your ideas colourfully and effectively, and how to sell. Directed talent spells Success! Write to: The Registrar (Dept. DD 2), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole Street, London, W.1.

PINK Shirts for pale people? ? Low prices for small pockets! Cool clothes for your Continental holiday from Vince Man's Shop of course. Call or send for Catalogue. Vince Man's Shop, Newburgh St., Fouberts Place, Regent St., London, W.1. GER. 3730.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

WINTER Sports. A free Winter Sports holiday is offered to anyone able to form a party of a minimum of 15 members. Details from Erna Low, 47(WS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

SHORT of Sunshine? Come to Spain—15 days from £33 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middlesex. Molesey 2105.

AN Autumn Tour in France & Spain? Go by Gayline, free of worry at reas. incl. charge. Full details from Gayline Continental Tours, Ltd., 32 Rupert St., W.1.

PAINTING Holidays in delightful Regency residence in Sussex. Broch.: London Atelier of Painting, 13 Queens Gdns., W.2.

AUTUMN holidays: follow the sun with one of our parties to Italy, Spain & Majorca, the French Riviera or enjoy a September holiday in Britain (S. Devon or Isle of Wight). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—the ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn.-5gns. a box. One quality, the best! Write for catalogue. Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sx. Wivelsfield Green 232-233.

CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

HUMANISM is a faith for the modern world. Partics.: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Road, N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FRENCH families welcome English girls into their homes in exch. children's care & light houswk. Service International d'Echanges, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, Casablanca, available, Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, S.W.7.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples throughout the world now available 1s. post free. Welfare Advisory Centre, Russell House, Wilton, Wilts.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd. S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

SISTER, of course, should have been at her ploy last week. Anthony Panting.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace. Cambridge 4633.

A PART-time occupation by writing or drawing? Our personal home study course will interest you. E.M.I. Institutes, Dept. NS.50.P., London, W.4. (Associated with H.M.V.)

KNOW-How means Writing Success for You. No Sale—No Fees Tuition. Free N.2. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

MILITARY Gent left on chair at John Vickers studio last week, whilst being photographed, will be embalmed and sent to Whitehall unless removed within 7 days. 29.B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day and Boarding School owned and controlled by Friendly Society of Parents and staff. Kindergarten 17½gns., Junior and Senior School 22½gns.

THE Town and Country Day School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (PRI. 4481-2-3.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A. (Oxon).

"They were left 1/- to buy food"

✳ The inspector went again at 11.50 a.m. on Jan. 4. The children were alone and hungry. They had 6d. each to use either for buying fish and chips for lunch, or to go to the pictures.

The condition of the house was so bad that a doctor certified that the children were being neglected.

✳ *Extract from a newspaper report*

John and Peter, aged 8 and 7, who were found in conditions "so filthy that one could slide on the dirt and grease."

Now they are well cared for

... and in their own home! For the Society is reluctant to take children away from their parents. Tactful guidance and sympathetic advice to the parents—many of whom were themselves the products of poor conditions—has worked wonders in many cases. John and Peter are only two of nearly 100,000 children helped every year by the Society. On its efforts depend the health and happiness of thousands of children.

A picture that speaks for itself. John and Peter seen with an official of the N.S.P.C.C. a few weeks after they had been rescued from the distressing conditions in which they were found.

We depend on YOU to help them

The Society is not nationalised. It still relies entirely on voluntary contributions to continue its vital work. Remember the plight of those unhappy children and don't forget to send us a donation.

Please send your donation, however small, to the

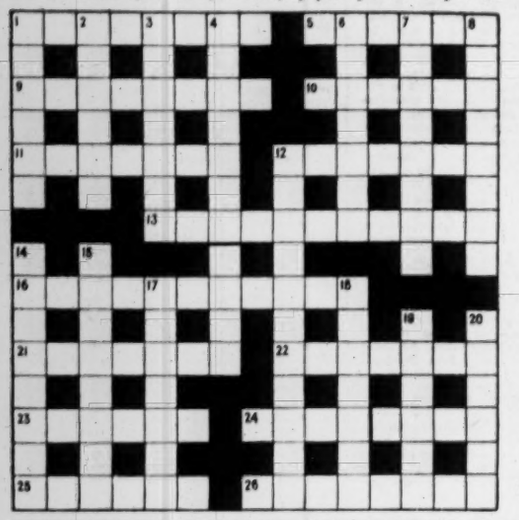
N · S · P · C · C

ROOM No. 68, VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2

When making your will, please remember the N.S.P.C.C.

Week-end Crossword No. 214

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 214, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 11



ACROSS

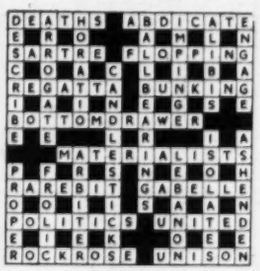
1. Underground place for corporal punishment and cells (8).
5. The insect washes again backwards (6).
9. System of getting seats to express disapproval of a theatre (8).
10. Hold for an admiral (6).
11. Slow down with the ankles caught in a tangle (7).
12. List of ingredients for the opposite of a chemical (7).
13. The remover returns with a piece of furniture which may be withdrawn (11).
16. Daring scene rewritten for the relations (11).
21. A foreigner as I seem different (7).
22. Symbol of rejuvenation, but hope is destroyed and there is nothing to follow (7).
23. About time it is on the river, this animal (6).
24. Play with fire in the ark perhaps (4, 4).
25. Nod the head in front of a goddess (6).
26. It costs little to write the direction (8).

DOWN

1. The artist is after a bye in a stroke to the off (6).
2. A sceptic whether he has a degree or not (6).
3. Disguised clerk goes about in the name of an ostler (7).
4. Wise men let in no complicated system of fortifications (7, 4).
6. An entertainer producing rubbish beneath the jetty (7).
7. "What — our blood Is but its longing for the tomb" (Yeats) (8).
8. Batsman born to score in play (8).
12. General with what sounds like a row of soldiers makes a lover of a foreign country (11).
14. Encourage to make love with something on the breakfast table (8).
15. An artist comes in to operate under the lash for eye trouble (8).
17. Profoundest nuisance under the river (7).
18. The weapon got entangled in the middle of the word of of command (7).
19. Charm the last listener (6).
20. Ecclesiastic who puts the cross within reach perhaps (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 212



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 212

N. Doncaster (Castleford), Mrs. E. M. C. Wightman (Edinburgh, 9), Mrs. L. M. Dumbrell (Leatherhead)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End, should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

SINGLE, quiet, pleasant b/s room, Belsize Park Gardens, PRI. 2354.

B/S rm., comfortable, furn., W. Hampstead. Use tel., k. & b. 27s. 6d. for person away weekends. 37s. 6d. otherwise. Box 6983.

LARGE, well furn. modern b/s, overlooking gdn. in architect's hse., 2 mins. Canonbury Towers, N.1. Cooking unit, gas-fire, linen, cleaning, etc. 3gns. CAN. 1008 evgs.

FUR. cott., Hamp. Gdn. Sub. Oct.-Apr. Child over 7 wel. 7½gns. careful ten. 1936 Ford, gd. cond. £50. BM/PNTY, W.C.1.

LARGE, sunny, quiet two-divan bed-sitting-room, gardens view, leading own pretty kitchen, next bath; coin telephone, hot water, 4½gns. HAM. 4007.

3 mins. Highgate Und. B/s., 2 sgle. divans. Kit./din., all facs. MOU. 4680.

BED-sitter: spacious, pleasant. Share kitchen with one other tenant (f.). Ealing, near tubes. 2gns. p.w. 'Phone EALing 4352 Monday or write Box 6765.

MAN offd. rm. in anr.'s flat, Bayswater. Kit., ph., &c. No restns. 42s. Box 6737.

COMF. bed-sit. room in mod. flat, with every conven. Flat 5, Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. MAI. 0157.

TO let, whole Oct., mod. 2-bdrm. house, Steinway grand. 7gns. wk. 1 Braes St., N.1. CANonbury 8194.

B/S rm., comfortable, quiet, private house, Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

PART-house, furnished. Suit couple or two sharing. N.W.11 district. 4½ gns. Ring MEA. 3750 evgs./week-ends.

HOUSE, N.W. London. 3 occupants need fourth. £2 p.w. GLA. 2897 aft. 7.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. Bed-sit. room, share flat with 2 girls under 30. Box 6919.

VACANCY in modern Hampstead flat for girl share with 3 others. PRI. 0968.

BEDRM. & sittingrm. to let. Well furn., own ckg. facs., bath, tel. HAM. 3032.

WELL-furn. rm. 33s./38s. suit girl bus./student, every conv. CUN. 5486.

BACHELOR, mid-forties, with very comf. flat, ½hr City/W. End (N.W.), tired of living alone wants contact anr. view eventual sharing, if both congenial. Advertiser gentile, but creed, race immaterial. Box 6945.

KEW Gdns. Large furn. rm. to let to single person int. in music. Box 6942.

BEAUTIFUL div.-rm. for bus. wom. Use k. & b. HAM. 2074. Day: MUS. 6020.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. interests. Large single room, Hmpstead. 2½gns. Also small 1-room flatlet (no kitchen), near Baker Street. 3gns. HAMpstead 8109.

CANADIAN Prof., wife, daughter (5) sk. sml. London flat Sept. 1-15. PRO. 6052.

MIDDLE-aged responsible Continental woman teacher seeks home with congenial people. Offers rent, part-time help children, cooking. Has some furn. SHE. 5658.

WRITER & wife want furn. s/c. studio flat Bloomsbury, Kensington or Chelsea. Three-six months, as soon as possible. VICtoria 3800, ext. Rodney 622, or Box 6870.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

LADY, A.R.C.M., with piano; out a lot, needs big sunny pt.-fur. rm. Chelsea, nr Embankt./S.W.1. Bkfst., service. Box 6719.

CAMBRIDGE graduate, completing book, requires 2-3 room flat (i.e., bed- &/or sitting-room with kitchenette), Chelsea, from approx. Sept. 24. Box 6562.

YNG. couple (journalist) need warm, furn. flat, 2 rms., s/c., within 20 mins. Fleet St., abt. 3 mths. from mid-Oct. Box 6949.

EFFICIENT flat/b.s. wanted, £2-£5; Kent or S.E. suburb pref. Box 6996.

YOUNG couple (large number books, lesser number records, Purcell to Prokofiev) want s/c furn. flat or rooms, from late Sept. Fairly central. Box 6986.

LANGUAGE School needs new premises, min. 3 rooms, N.W./W. prefd. Box 6824.

UNFURN. flatlet reqd. C. London by educ. yng. couple. Quiet tenants. Purch. f. & f. if nec. Leigh, AMB. 5146 after 7 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL Canadian girl sks. share furnished flat convenient to St. Thomas' Hospital. Box 6961.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

SMALL self-cont. furn. flat, suit bus. or prof. couple. 4gns. p.w. HAM. 8707.

FURN. basement flat, Hampstead. Suitable for 2. Two large rooms, kitchen, sep. bath & w.c., constant hot water winter; otherwise multi-point Ascot. Two mins. shops & buses. 6½gns. p.w. Box 6788.

IDEAL for Bloomsbury: Attr. furn. s/c studio flat, k'nette., shower, w.c., 'frig., tel. Pleas. sit., adj. heath, bus stop, N.W.5. Long let. 4gns. Box 6296.

SPACIOUS furn. flat, dbl. bedroom, sitting/din. rm., bath, own sink, gas stove. £3 10s. wkly. Avail. 1/2 bus./prof. women. HAM. 0731 bef. 10, after 6—not Saturday.

UNFUR. flat, 2 rms., k. b., c.h.w., frig. Mod. block nr. Marble Arch 50s. incl. Exch. 4 rms. etc. S.W. Lon./offers. Box 6975.

COTSWOLDS. Charming small cottage. Vacant possession October. All mains; lovely views. 5 miles Stroud station. Carter, 54 Victoria Rd., Shoreham-by-Sea, Sx.

FUR. cott. avail. winter, Berks. Elec., slp. 5, radio, piano, tel., gar. Box 6950.

FURNISHED house or flat with three bedrooms, in London or suburbs; accessible to Guy's Hospital. Box 6784.

YOUNG professional couple seek s/c flat London, easy reach West End, long term. References. Box 7002.

MOTHER with 2 children starting Lycée Sept., urg. reqs. reas. unfurn. flat in district. 3-4 rms., k. & b. Box 6948.

FURNISHED flat required for 6 months in Old Hampstead area. Two bedrooms, one recep. (minimum) k. & b., central heating. Write Box NN.621, c/o 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

FOR Sale: House in West Highlands, ideally suited to writer, artist. Two bedrooms, bathroom, sitting-room, kitchen-living room, big sun-room study, electricity, water, garage, quarter-acre of land. View: Sea-loch mountains, islands. £1,600, no less. Apply: Anderson, Shaw & Gilbert, Solicitors, 20 Church Street, Inverness.

SMALL house or bungalow in Southern France wanted to purchase, payable sterling. Box 6941.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

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CONTENTS of September "Plebs." "The Austrian Trade Unionist Pays Up!", by J. P. M. Millar; "N.C.L.C.'ers at Ruskin," "The American Melting-Pot," by Andrew Boyd; "A Visit to the Ancient World," by S. Marsden; "Corresponding by Numbers," "Beatrice Webb—A Great Pioneer," by Graham Horsman; "Adam Smith—The Father of Political Economy," by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "The Home Market," "Industrial Law X," by W. L. Taylor, B.L., J.P.; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. p.a., from N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"THE Far-sighted Militant," John Baird, M.P., in the September Labour Monthly. Also "War Hysteria & Second Thoughts," R. Palme Dutt; "The Suez Question," Quaestor; "Background to the Tory Squeeze," John Eaton; Marx Family Letters (continued); "Shaw & the Soviet," R. Page Arnot. 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

NONESUCH Collectors who wish to receive prospectuses of forthcoming Nonesuch books are invited to send their names and addresses to the Nonesuch Press, 66 Chandos Place, London, W.C.2.

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NEWS from Moscow! For the background news to the changes that have taken place in the U.S.S.R. see the two Soviet journals "News," a fortnightly review, 10s. a year. "Moscow News," twice weekly, 12s. a year. Collet's Russian Bookshop, 45 Museum St., W.C.1.

SUEZ Canal Co.; Consultation and Compensation; State of the Schools. "Labour Research," 9d. (11s. p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

BOOKS, secondhand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

BRECHT: Stücke, Versuche, Gedichte, Theaterarbeit. Send for complete list of available works. Collet's Multilingual Bookshop, 67 Great Russell St., W.C.1.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant, Greek Section (British subject). Duties include writing, editing and initiating scripts, deputising for Programme Organiser, assisting in administration of section, allocating duties to programme assistants and planning and supervising output. Essential qualifications: sound up-to-date knowledge of Anglo-Greek relations, interest in world affairs and good knowledge of Greek language and people. Salary £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,280 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 2040, N. Sem.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for appointment to research staff of Institute of Social and Economic Research from persons with good honours degree in economics and interest in economic analysis. Investigations may be made in any part of the British Caribbean territories. Appointment will be in one of the following grades according to qualifications and experience. Junior Research Fellow £750×£50—£850 p.a.; Research Fellow £900×£50—£1,200×£50—£1,600 p.a.; Senior Research Fellow £1,300×£50—£1,900 p.a. Child allowance. F.S.S.U. Unfurnished accommodation at rental of 5% basic salary or allowance in lieu. Duties to be assumed as early as possible. Appointment for 3 years in first instance. Passages for appointee and family (maximum 5 passages). Applications (6 copies) detailing qualifications and experience and naming 3 referees by October 10, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars obtainable.

UNIVERSITY College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in English. Salary scales: Assistant Lecturer £950×£50—£1,050 p.a. Lecturer (Grade II) £1,050×£50—£1,250 p.a. (Grade I) £1,300×£50—£1,600 p.a. Superannuation Scheme. Passages to Salisbury for appointee, wife and dependent children on appointment with allowance for transport of effects. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of up to 15% of salary. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees to be received as soon as possible by Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with research experience for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan) (a substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite), Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy, and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars will be expected to enrol for a Ph.D. degree, and to commence their studies in March, 1957. The present value of a scholarship is £A771 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted additional allowances, and the University will make a contribution not exceeding £stg.135 towards a scholar's fares to Canberra from the United Kingdom, and the same amount towards his return fare. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned or from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications should be lodged with the undersigned by October 15, 1956. R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Box 4, G.P.O., Canberra, A.C.T., Australia.

THE London County Council invites applications from holders of the Certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised School of Sociology who have practical experience in social work for appointment as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Battersea Chest Clinic, St. John's Hospital, St. John's Hill, S.W.11. Salary scale £564 (at 24 years of age or with three years' approved experience) rising to £705. Duties include medico-social work and acting as Secretary to the local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Particulars and form of application from the Divisional Medical Officer, Fairfield Street, Wandsworth, S.W.18, returnable by September 20. (1672).

HOUSEMOTHERS, with previous experience or training, required to take charge of Children's Homes at Epping and Tendring respectively, each for 11 boys and girls. Both establishments provide for an Assistant Housemother and friends could apply for senior and junior post together. Basic salaries for Housemothers £370 to £430 and for Assistant Housemothers £340 to £385, less £113 in each case for emoluments. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex.

N.C.L.C. vacancies. Organisers required for North Yorkshire area (centre Leeds), and for Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk area (centre Ipswich). Must be able to lecture on several N.C.L.C. subjects. Salary £550 rising by £25 to £600 per annum. Superannuation scheme. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NATIONAL Coal Board invite applications for the undermentioned superannuable appointments in the Research, Economic Intelligence and International Affairs Section of their Industrial Relations Dept. at London H.Q. Salary, according to qualifications and experience, within inclusive ranges stated. Economic Intelligence Officer, to assess economic developments and policies liable to affect labour relations and manpower trends in the coal industry; studying labour conditions in foreign mining industries, and the work of appropriate international agencies (e.g. I.L.O., E.C.S.C.). Ability to prepare reports and information bulletins essential, and to read in one or more foreign languages (especially German) an advantage. Scales £1,006 to £1,286 male. (Ref. No. SS/381). Research Worker, to analyse statistics, prepare reports and participate, when necessary, in research projects undertaken in coalmining areas. Knowledge of statistical principles and methods is essential; educational qualifications in sociology, or any related social study an advantage. Scale £834 to £1,031 male. (Ref. No. SS/382). Write, with full particulars of age, education, qualifications, and experience to National Coal Board, Staff Dept., Hobart House, London, S.W.1, marking envelope with relevant SS/Ref. No., before September 18, 1956.

FINNART House School, Outlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey. Applications are invited for the appointment of Housemaster. Salary between £465 and £570 per annum, according to age and qualifications, rising by annual increments to £735 per annum with an efficiency bar at £630 if not qualified, less £113 per annum for residential emoluments in accordance with N.J.C. conditions of service. Applicants should possess a Degree, Diploma or Certificate in Social Science, but subject to Home Office approval applications will also be considered from men with suitable experience.—Application form may be obtained from the Headmaster, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying (University of Reading). Assistant Experimental Officer (female) required as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology Department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale, £455 (age 21)-£587 (age 26 or over on entry)-£755, with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading, within one week. Quote reference 56/9.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE County Council. Qualified Social Worker required for two Child Guidance Clinics in the County area on the outskirts of Bristol. Salary in accordance with the National Whitley Council's recommendations for the Health Services, P.T.A. Circular No. 37. Travelling and subsistence allowances according to County Council's scale. Further particulars and forms of application from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Shire Hall, Gloucester. Forms must be returned within two weeks of this advertisement. Guy H. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

CHILD Welfare Officers (2 women) (C. of E.) required owing to increased establishment. Diploma in Social Science or Home Office Certificate in Child Care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. I/II according to experience, plus London Weighting; Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children 0-15 and After-Care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by October 1, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing names of two referees and testimonials to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40 Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

THE Nottingham & District Marriage Guidance Council require an Organising/Education Secretary. Man or woman married or widowed. Preferably graduate or similar standard of education. Salary £600 a year. Temporary accommodation available 2-roomed flat and kitchenette. Apply in writing, giving full det., 45 Castle Gate, Nottingham.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Committee. Appointment of Senior Children's Visitor. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced men and women for a post as Senior Children's Visitor. Applicants should hold a Social Studies Degree or Certificate and/or The Home Office Certificate in Child Care and should have had Casework experience. The salary is in accordance with Grade A.P.T. III, £640-£765, and the successful candidate will be expected to accept special responsibility. Further particulars and conditions of service can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 102 Edmund Street, Birmingham 3. P.O. Box 93. Closing date: September 15, 1956.

RESIDENT House Fathers and Mothers required adolescent spastic centre, congenial atmosphere attractive surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Residential Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

EXPERIENCED Warden required for well-known children's club in London, to commence October 1. Full details of post may be obtained from Donald Sutherland, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave St., London, S.W.1.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM. 6644.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Nottingham, Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Tutor in charge of courses for members of H.M. Forces. The tutor's main duty will be the organisation and administration of residential courses in the liberal studies, and similar courses on stations or in units. He should himself be competent to teach one of the following subjects: Modern History, International Relations, Economics, Industrial Relations. The tutor will also be expected to take part in the general work of the Department, and to undertake some civilian extra-mural teaching. The appointment will be made for a period of three years in the first instance, in the Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer scale of salaries. (Assistant Lecturer—£550×£50 to £650; Lecturer—£650×£50 to £1,350). The initial salary will be according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be submitted as soon as possible on forms obtainable from The Registrar, The University, Nottingham.

HANDCRAFT Instructress required for Home for Blind, Westgate. Salary £300—£400 p.a. non-resident, according to qualifications and experience. 5-day week. Experience with blind people not essential. Apply with full particulars, stating present salary to: Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

YOUNG man or woman with art school background to train as all-round assistant art editor for publishers producing quality books illustrated in colour. Must have originality, intelligence, be willing to pull full weight as member of a team and to tackle any job. Work includes design, layouts and research. Write Box 6882.

FEMALE Assistant over the age of 20 required at the Bedfordshire County Council Hostel for maladjusted children situated at Leighton Buzzard. Salary scale £225×£15(2)×£20—£275 (at present under review), plus free board, lodging, and laundry. The work will consist of helping the Warden and Matron in the ordinary care of 15 children between the ages of 5 and 15 in a pleasant homely atmosphere. Visit to Hostel arranged if desired. Post superannuable. Application forms and information on specific points from Principal School Medical Officer, Phœnix Chambers, High St., Bedford, with 2 refs.

HOUSEMOTHERS/Housefathers required, Hostel Maladjusted Children. Apply giving particulars of experience together with copies of two recent testimonials or names of referees. Hever Warren, Hever, Kent.

LONDON County Council requires Assistant Home Help Organiser for duty in the first instance in an area of south west London. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service des. Salary: £493 10s.×£33 5s.—£634 10s. commencing acc. to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applicn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 9, Fairfield Street, S.W.18. Closing date 20.9.56. (1691)

BURGESS Hill School. Junior mistress required for small group of 8-year-olds. Interviews after Sept. 1. HAM. 2019.

SECRETARY reqd. three days a week by director company with various publishing interests. Common-sense, accuracy, shorthand and a pleasant personality are needed. Salary by arrangement. Box 6901.

NEW national Labour weekly "Forward" seeks office staff with book-keeping or clerical experience. Interesting posts. Apply 145 Holborn, E.C.1. CHAncery 7887.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary (25-40) with good shorthand/typing speeds and general experience reqd. by National Union of Students to take charge of small office; 3 weeks' annual leave; canteen facils. Write to Gen. Sec., N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

TYPIST/clerk: Market Research Company offers attractive job combining fast accurate typing with varied clerical work. Starting salary £7 10s. or pro rata for part-time work. Box 7005.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist aged 23/28 for Directors of city commercial firm. Interesting varied work. Excellent prospects for applicant capable of working on own initiative. Knowledge of German desirable but not essential. Apply Box 7004.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required for School of Librarianship and Archives at University College, London (Gower St., W.C.1), for period of approx. twelve months from late September; married woman desiring limited period of employment might be suitable. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

EDUCATED women wanted for several most interesting non-commercial posts at around £10 per week. Good secretarial qualifications necessary. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches. 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PERSONAL Secretary in experimental research unit. Qualifications, age and experience to Director, British Empire Cancer Campaign Research Unit in Radiobiology, Mount Vernon Hospital, Northwood, Middx.

PART-TIME assistant accounts-typing, morns. Permanent. W.8. Box 6938.

SEC./sh.-typist of good education. Commencing sal. between £350 and £430 if over 21 (graduates £20 higher). Annual increment £20. Hours 9.30-5.30. No Sats. Pleasant conditions. 3 wks. leave. Apply, in own handwriting, to Advertiser, Institute of Historical Research, Senate House, W.C.1. No telephone enquiries.

LADY graduate (Arts or Economics), 27-36, wanted by London office of postal college. Marking students' papers and some office duties. Reasonably good typing but shorthand not essential. Occasional travel in England. No ties. Five-day week. Salary £12. Box 6909.

PERSONAL assistant required. Shorthand not essential. Must have copying office experience. 5-day week. Salary £400 to £450 per annum. Appointment: FLEet Street 9141.

EMPLOYERS meet the best employees, employees meet the best employers, through Fine's Employment Agency, 97/99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1 (2 doors from The Scotch House).

£5 to £3,500. Appointments. Avian req. all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS. 2579/2719.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

RESIDENT staff required for small groups of intelligent children with emotional difficulties: (1) General Subjects (a) Ages 10-12, (b) Ages 8-10; (2) Art & Craft teacher for both groups; (3) Two House Mothers; (4) Cook Housekeeper. Burnham Scale salaries. Good living accommodation for married staff. Write Box 911, Reynells', 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

BRAZIERS Park has vacancies for following members of house-team: 2 cook-housekeepers, maintenance man, gardener, farmworker, asst. secy. Further partics., inc. an account of causes of these 6 replacements, from Warden, Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

INDIAN gentleman with a respectable job, living in a modern flat, wants a responsible female to look after his 13-months-old child. Can have a room to herself. Wife abroad indefinitely. SHE. 6217 aft. 7 p.m.

3 ADULTS would appreciate services of vegetarian: cooking, light housework; help given. Small centrally heated house; sunny bed-sitting room, ample freedom. Dorking. Box 6984.

RESIDENT Assistant Cook wanted end Sept. Country house. Cooking, approx. 20-60 people inc. 9 child. Woman with school age child no objection. Wages by agreement. Interview after Sept. 14. Apply in writing: Sec., St. Julians, Sevenoaks, Kent.

CASHIER required, luncheons only, 12.15 p.m. to 2.30 p.m. Six-day week, £3. Telephone Caterer. LANgham 1364.

MAYFAIR coffee bar reqs. 3 glamorous assistants. Please give tel. no. Box 6613.

SCHOOL reqs. skilled man for repair & some gardening London & country houses. Intg. wk.; gd. pay. Box 6798.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOCIAL Scientist, 25 (m., married) research exp. but adaptable, also some chemistry, physics, sks. post Canada. Box 6826.

DISLIKE of the 9 to 5 mentality essential in his present Government permanency, a young man (30) with five years' Public Relations experience and three years with a Colonial Government Information Service seeks an overseas appointment where executive ability, hard work and loyalty will be recognised. Preference for P.R.-type work but still adaptable to an interesting and worthwhile career abroad. Box 6775.

PERSONAL Sec., varied exp., N.6, reqs. part-time work pref. local. Box 6953.

MARRIED couple, 10 years in charge of industrial hostel, seek change in similar position. Naturalised British, over 50, London area preferred. Box 6884.

QUAL. German woman Interpreter, Univ. trained, German-Engl. & Engl.-Germ. consecutive & simultaneous int., seeks full-time job, priv. or instit. Box 6981.

HIGHLY expd. secretary (m.), 29, desires change position. Pref. Continent. Very good German, fair French. Able conduct own correspondence. English shorthand, touch-typing. 1 year University Diploma Adult Education. Internat. Driv. Licence. For interview please write Box 6929.

YNG. almoner, B.A., Soc. Sc. Cert., langs., interested people, art, books, seeks post pref. Continent. Box 6973.

SPANISH Domestics! Hard-working and reliable Domestics, Mother's Helps and Married Couples selected by our own representatives and ready to leave Spain now. Employer pays fare. Established over 20 years. Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. (& branches).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7.30 (ex. M.), S, Sn. 5 & 8, The Young & Beautiful. Mems.

UNITY EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" a Soviet Farce Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

EVERYMAN. HAM 1525. Summer revivals. Until Sept. 2: The Third Man (A). From Sept. 3: The Tales of Hoffmann (U). From Sept. 6: The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan (U).

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. Sept. 2, 6 days. "We, the Women" (U). Ital.

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Sept. 1. Gregory Peck, Anne Baxter in "Yellow Sky" (A). 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

HOLBORN Film Soc., 9th season, Oct., '56-April, '57. 1st Sun., 3rd Tu. 1st 8 progs.: All That Money Can Buy, Zéro de Conduite, The Impostor, Titfield Thunderbolt, Vaudeville, My Darling Clementine, Wages of Fear, Personal Choice. Notable shorts. 14 shows 17s. 6d., Sun./Tu. (7) 11s. 6d. Guests 2s. Inf. Sec., E. Holborn Library, 34 Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. CHA. 7078.

"LE Jour se Lève," Jean Gabin, Arletty, Little Theatre, High Road, Ilford, Essex, Sat., Sept. 1, 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. Tickets: 3s. Ilford New Era Film Soc., Hon. Sec., Mrs. N. M. Last. SEV. 1003.

BAKER Street Jive Club, 15 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 7007. Skiffle & Jive. Sats., Suns. 8ish-latish. Guest appearance Luton's Riverside Skiffle Group.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat., Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. 1956-7 Season will include Bach's Christmas Oratorio and Alessandro Scarlatti's Stabat Mater. Practices Wednesdays 8-10 p.m. Good musicians in all voices are invited to apply to Mrs. Spalding, Bankside, 71 Frognal, N.W.3, for details of audition on September 7.

THE Art, Music, Poetry and Dance of the Bulgarians will be displayed at the Celebration of Bulgaria's National Day, Sat. next, Sept. 8, at 7.45 at the St. Pancras Town Hall. Admission free by ticket only from the S.F.B., 42 Tavistock St., Aldwych, W.C.2.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

JEAN-François Millet. Exhib. of drawings. Arts Council Gall., 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Sept. 15. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. 1s.

THIS is Tomorrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French and British Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

BRIGHTON Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart. Important Dutch, Flemish and English Paintings; Tapestries & Furniture. 10-7 week-days; 2.30-7 Suns.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'Art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 9, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., Part II Artists of Fame & Promise. An entirely new exhibition. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. 3 romantics. Priv. view 6 p.m. Sep. 4.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Recent paintings by Colin Moss. Aug. 29-Sept. 22.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Sept. 5, 7.30. "A Policy for Distribution." Richard Evely, 57 Dean St., W.1. 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on Sept. 8, Mr. D. I. Pole, "The Highbrow & Literary Taste."

SHAW Society: "G.B.S. 100," by Eric Batson, 7 Albemarle St., W.1., Sept. 7, 7 p.m. Admission free.

"SPIRITUAL Healing" talk by Harry Edwards (No demonstration) Mon. Sept. 17, 7.30, Caxton Hall, S.W.1. 2s. (Reserved 5s. from London Natural Health Soc., 3 Danes Ct. Cotts., Leatherhead Rd., Oxshott).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Fri., Oct. 12-Sun., Oct. 14, "Geology in Wiltshire." Fri., Oct. 26-Sun., Oct. 28, "Countryside in Autumn." Fri., Nov. 9-Sun., Nov. 11, "Irish Literary Movement." Autumn programme from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

NEUROSIS, Class and Society. Conference Fri., Oct. 19, to Sun., Oct. 21, at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, Sussex. Speakers: Stephen Schenk: Background to the Problem; Dr. Paul Halmos: Changing Class Structure and Neurosis; Hugh Klare: Social Stratification and Tensions in the Instnl. Treatment of Offenders; Dr. Christopher Salmon: The Significance of Work. Brains Trust. Fee: £3 7s. 6d. Full partics. from, and bookings to: The Booking Officer, Progressive League, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2.

64 "LEISURE-Time" Courses in—A Home of Your Own, The Bible in a Scientific Age, Philosophy, International Affairs, Old London, Historic Homes, Literature, Natural History, Languages, Art, Music, Drama, Italic Handwriting, Crafts, Cookery (Men), Fencing, Photography, Travel—Italy, Spain and South America, etc., Scottish Dancing, Medau Rhythmic Movement, Woodwork (Men and Women), Canteen, Common Room and Library at the Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1 (EUSton 1816). Courses commence Monday, September 24. Enrolment from Monday, September 17. Syllabus on application to Registrar.

DARTINGTON Music School provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

UNIVERSITY of London. University Extension Courses. Technology & Industry; Advances in Modern Medicine; London: A study in Town Growth. These courses are included among the programme of over three hundred University Extension courses organised in London and the Home Counties for the Session 1956-57. These courses begin in late September—early October and cover a wide range of subject interest. The majority meet in the evening, but included are day and weekend residential courses. Full details with brief descriptions of each course are contained in booklets divided into five convenient subjects: The Arts (Drama, Literature, Music, and the Film); Biblical and Religious Studies; History (including Archæology, Local Studies and International Affairs); Scientific and Geographical Studies; Social Studies (including Philosophy and Psychology). Booklets (please state which are required) and further information may be obtained from the Deputy Director (Ext. 1), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

GIRLS who wish to perfect their languages with a view to working abroad are recommended to train at St. Godric's College for Secretaries & Linguists, where they will have excellent facilities for studying both languages and secretarial work & for meeting students from all over the world. Intensive Courses for univ. graduates. Day & residential students. Canteen. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A.(Cantab.), St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. New Courses Sept. 5.

FOREIGN Languages. New term private & class tuition daily 9 a.m.-9 p.m. London Schools for Languages, 20-21 Princes St., Hanover Sq., W.1. MAY. 2120.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

THE Polytechnic, 309 Regent Street, W.1, Session 1956-57. School of Commerce. The Evening School provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce and Public Administration. Students may prepare for any of the following: 1. Professional Examinations in Banking, Accountancy, Cost Accountancy, Fellowship in Management Accounting of I.C.W.A., Company Secretarial Work, Exporting and Sales Management. 2. G.C.E. Advanced Level. 3. Final B.Sc. (Econ.), and B.Sc. (Sociology). 4. Diploma in Public Administration, London. 5. University Extension Diploma in Economics. 6. Local Government Clerical and Administrative Examinations. 7. Royal Statistical Society and Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations. Session 1956-57 commences on Monday, September 24: New students will be enrolled between 5 p.m. and 8 p.m. on September 17. (Former students, Sept. 11 & 12, 5-7.30 p.m.) Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Director of Education.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College offers an intensive secretarial training to Graduates and other well-educated girls. Small classes, expert tutors, individual attention, excellent results. Languages and foreign shorthand. Private secretarial posts obtained. Interview by appointment only. Prospectus from Principal, Mrs. M. K. Monypenny L. es L., 62 Bayswater Road, London, W.2. PAD. 3320.

OXFORD. Marlborough Secretarial College, 110A High Street. Tel. Oxford 4349. Comprehensive training for high-grade Secretarial appointments for Students of good general education. Foreign languages. Small classes, individual attention. Prospectus on application to Headmistress, Mrs. M. Robson.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B. & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies), Law. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SCHOLARSHIPS. For resident and non-resident courses ring Harrow Tutors (Est. 1952). WEMbley 4633.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke St., W.1. New courses start Sept. 17.

CAREER for Intelligent Young Women. Stenotyping (Machine shorthand) used increasingly in well-paid secretarial and verbatim reporting posts. Call for demonstration, or write for details of secretarial training, or stenotyping only, in day and evening classes. Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, W.C.1. (HOLborn 9162.)

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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GREGG/Pitman intensive courses. French & Spanish Gregg. Day/evening classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a, Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford Street, W.1. GERrard 8531-2. All foreign languages taught in day & evening classes or private lessons; beginners & all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

ECOLE de Français, 283 Oxford St., W.1. HYD. 6524. Outstanding success of our attractive French Conversation Courses. Also English for Continentals, Italian, Spanish, German. (9 a.m.-9 p.m.)

PAINTING and Drawing Courses. Quattrocento technic, life class, commencing September 15. Margareta Berger-Hamerschlag, 38 South Hill Park, N.W.3. Please write.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing.—Leschetizky Method, Tanya Polunin, L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

LUTE, Viols, Harpsichord, Singing; tuition by Cecily Arnold and Marshall Johnson, 42 Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.13. RIV. 3587.

ITALIAN, French: practical tuition, conversation. Prof. Rietti, GLA. 2692.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

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WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

AUTUMN holidays on moors with literary interest. Brontë Guest House, Haworth, Keighley, Yorkshire. 18th Century house with modern amenities. Yorkshire hospitality.

A FEW vacancies from Sept. 15 at "Normanhurst," the small, friendly hotel on sunny south coast, and rec. by readers. 6/9 gns., fully incl. Illus. brochures. 'Phone or write Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

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MEVAGISSEY, Cornwall. Guests welcome in old house of character, 3 mins. harbour. Bed, breakfast, evg. meal. 6gns. Sept. 16 onwards. Veg. if reqd. Terms children. Lawn House, Church Lane.

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LATE Summer holidays. Little Malvern Court welcomes guests from September 7. Comfortable country house dating from 12th Century. Beautiful grounds in superb setting on Malvern Hills. Peaceful retreat in ideal touring centre. Week-ends or longer. Brochure from Philip Green, Little Malvern Court, Malvern. Tel. 4580.

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